CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

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Another Temple of Culture

By Dr. Naba Orenstein,

Immigrant Aid Director, Toronto Federation of Jewish Philanthropies

More than it is generally realized, our pioneers in Palestine are suffering from cultural isolation. As soon as they join one of the small settlements of the country, they are practically cut off from all contact with the intellectual life, in which most of them have been previously deeply interested. The opportunity left to them to learn from papers and books of the progress of science and art is also a very small one. Even if magazines and new publications would reach them regularly, they are too tired after their day's heavy work to do any thorough reading. Bad lighting, improper housing and incomplete knowledge of the Hebrew language makes concentration still more difficult for them. Yet, on the great holidays, they flock into the towns, at times walking day and night, to listen to a concert, to see a play or to hear some famous speaker. But these are meagre diversions from a life that is monotonous, full of hardships and privations, and dedicated to manual labour.

Through heritage and study the chalutz is, however, mentally highly developed, and manual work alone can never give him soul-satisfaction, even though the humblest service for Erez Israel engenders in him much ecstatic feeling. It is true the problems of his settlement and of the whole upbuilding work in Palestine, which call for continual discussion and deliberation, keep his mind alive, and in a passionate way he throws himself into the debates for their theoretical clarification; but, besides this opportunity to exercise his brains, the chalutz can starve for lack of spiritual stimulants. It must be remembered also that, because of his advanced thinking, he cannot get any inspiration out of the traditional religious performances and that he is deprived therefore of this source of inner feeling.

However, although the chalutzim suffer intensely from their cultural exile, they will not complain of it. They accept it silently as another of the painful and unavoidable sacrifices of their pioneer life. But is it right that a nation with so spiritual an orientation as the Jewish one should remain unmoved as to the cultural need of their best ones? Are there no ways to effect a change? Would we not, many of us, give gladly if we knew that with a few thousand pounds we could help young heroes to some intellectual enjoyment and add much to their happiness?

The way lies through the motion picture. The ordinary moving picture theatre offers to the public mostly performances of the cheapest kind. However, there are cinema institutes on a co-operative basis, such as the Urania in Vienna and in Berlin, which have made it their task to exploit all the possibilities of the film for the education of the public. Lectures, illustrated by moving pictures and slides, are arranged by the Urania on all subjects and the most inspiring performances are given on technical and agricultural themes, natural science and geography, hygiene and literature, art and sport, political and social events. Travels and discoveries, chemical and industrial processes, ancient times and customs revive on the screen, and the songs, concerts, recitals and dances which accompany the illustrated biography of a great musician or poet, increase the attractiveness of these instructive productions. The Urania halls are crowded with people of all ages and classes from early afternoon to late in the evening.

The Urania centres are loaning their films, for a small sum, to cultural associations of other communities in their country and, as each film is circulated with an explanatory text, any educated person can act as lecturer after short preparation. These institutes, founded with donations, have since become self-supporting. Imagine such an institution for Palestine! Imagine an Urania theatre for chalutzim, the enjoyment it would mean to them!

It would free them from their cultural exile. It would link them with the cultural world, and if single lectures and performances can never substitute for systematic reading, they can acquaint working people who have no time and strength left for intensive studies, with subjects now strange to them. Many of these films are also adapted for children. For the Jewish youth growing up in a small corner of the narrow Palestinian territory, these performances would enlarge the horizon essential to a citizen of the twentieth century.

This great cultural enterprise could be started on a small scale as a travelling theatre. One moving-picture appliance, one operator, one lecturer and a few dozen carefully selected films circulating through the colonies, played in the common hall on rainy winter evenings and in the open air in the hot season, could bring messages to our pioneers that would allay the thirst of their spirit. By-and-by the institution could be developed into a permanent one for the whole nation. Each settlement could have its appliance, could be provided from a central bureau with the films they would be interested in and to which they would subscribe, and its cultural activity could centre around this theatre, supplying lecturers and musicians.

A further development of this organization would reach the Arab settlements and this would only mean the climax of benefit the country would draw out of it. Who can foresee the effects of the spiritual revolution that would occur through this contact between the scientific world and a nation still living in greater part in a pre-biblical age? Doors into knowledge would suddenly be thrown open to them which until now have been hermetically closed, and illiterates would experience revelations. The cultural distance between Jews and Arabs could, through such means, be diminished with rapidity and a new epoch of understanding and friendship could originate between the two kindred nations as soon as the Arabs learned to know their own historical place and that of their Jewish brother nation in the frame of the history of mankind. To-day the Arabs in the up-to-date moving pictures are watching the worst trash. Robbery and murder scenes are the food which is offered their uncontrolled instincts and imagination. And there are groups of Jews arrived from the miserable ghettos of eastern Asia who are in nothing superior to the uncultivated sons of the desert. To show and to tell to all of them of the wonders of the universe, of the cultural achievements and aspirations of the nations and the miraculous discoveries of science would be a task in which Arabian Jews would join as arduously as any other Jews once joined in the cultural movement of the Narodniki. And that would be an Arabian mission worthy of Jewish creed and tendency.

And now to the practical aspect of this dream of a university extension which is an indispensable supplement to the foundation of the new temple in Zion. The first investment which is needed to buy films, to translate their titles and text into Hebrew and Arabic, to pay workers and to purchase the appliances could be covered with a few thousand pounds. And there is a group which is really chosen to lay the foundation. If the Jewish moving-

Continued on page 20

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Jason Neumann, Cote St. Antoine Road, who was away a month, returned from Boston on July 8.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Klepper have taken a cottage in Val Morin for the summer.

Mrs. B. Shapiro, Girouard Avenue, has left to spend the summer in Atlantic City.

Mrs. L. Garmaise, Wiseman Avenue, is spending several weeks in Ste. Agathe.

Mrs. N. Myerson and family are spending the summer at Trout Lake, Ste. Agathe.

Mrs. S. Spier and family, Esplanade Avenue, are spending four weeks at the Montrose Hotel, Ste. Marguerite.

Mrs. A. D. Lavut is spending the summer at Trout Lake.

Miss Olga Guilaroff, Hutchison Street, is in Val Morin.

Max Borkowitz spent a week at Old Point Comfort, Virginia.

Miss Leah Tabacnikoff, St. Urbain Street, is leaving shortly for Winnipeg, Saskatoon and other points, to spend two months.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Albert, Mrs. M. Illevitz and Miss Fanny Illevitz are on a motor trip to Chicago.

Mrs. Dave Gordon and baby, Bobby, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Adelson, Park Avenue.

Miss Minnie Slobasky, of London, Ont., is spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. M. Cubitz, here.

Among those who entertained in honour of Miss Mary Aronoff, whose marriage to Harry Shacket took place June 21, were: Mrs. Joseph Aronoff, Laurier Avenue West, linen shower; Miss Minnie Greene and Miss Isabel Aronoff, kitchen shower; Miss Sara Aronoff, personal shower; Mrs Morris Cohen and Mrs. H. Klepper, joint hostesses at a miscellaneous shower and bridge at the Edinburgh Cafe; Miss Esther Aronoff, miscellaneous shower; and a surprise party by Sewing Circle.

Dr. B. W. Segal has returned from New Haven, Conn., where he was an interne in a hospital during the past year.

Mrs. J. Basevitz, De L'Epee Avenue, entertained in honour of her daughter, Sonia's, tenth birthday on June 24. Twenty children were present. Mrs. Basevitz and Mrs. Mendel served tea and ices at five o'clock.

Miss Blume Sand, pianist, has graduated from the Montreal High School, and will take up piano teaching in the fall.

Mark Berman, Edward Lebovsky, Jack Cohen and Clarence Holstein, of Watertown, N.Y., motored to Montreal for the week-end, the guests of Mark Berman's sister, Mrs. J. Leibow, Hutchison Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Prenner (nee Raya Goldman) are summering at Valhalla, New York.

Mrs. O. Price and daughter, Zelda, Durocher Avenue, are spending the summer at Venice, Lake Champlain.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Backman (nee Anna Alter) who spent their honeymoon in New York, New Haven and other American points, have returned, and are living at 85 Mount Royal Avenue West.

The following guests were registered at the Laurentian Chateau, Val Morin: Mr. and Mrs. Lepage, Montreal; Hon. Judge J. Martineau, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. C. Wener, Toronto; N. Fineberg and party, New York; N. Miller, New York; S. Bromberg, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Goldberg, S. Goldstein, Mrs. Gold, Mr. and Mrs. N. Nobleman and family, Al Lazar, S. J. Rodman, all of Montreal, M. Rodman, Baltimore; Ralph Isaacs, St. John; D. Gurner, M. Levitt, L. Withs, Mrs. J. Shaffran and family, M. J. Israel and family, M. Bruger, L. Frohlich, L. Bruger, M. Lazare, M. Berman, I. Brandeis, I. Kutz, A. Harris, M. Lecher, D. Lank, Miss I. Costoff, H. A. Sinclair, M. Esar, M. Bruger, M. Lazare, L. I. Frohlich, M. Greenberg, M. Berman, I. Brandeis, I. Kutz, B. Wall, D. D. Lank, M. Lank, H. Mendleman, A. Harris and M. Lecher, all of Montreal.

Guests present at the Laurentian Lodge, Prefontaine, were: Aaron Blumenthal, Leo Lentin, Max Seigel, all of New York; H. Wolofsky, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Wolofsky and daughter, G. Goodman, H. Revers Cohen, Lewis Faber, S. Hopmeyer, Mr. Raginsky, Mrs. O. Shapiro, Alex Shapiro, Jack Shapiro, Mrs. Fish, Mr. and Miss Wender, Mr. and Mrs. Weintraub and family, Mrs. I. Cohen, Mrs. O. Leibowitz, Quebec; Mrs. Marks, Mrs. E. Freedman, New York; Miss Fanny Fox, Mrs. Ethel Gasco and family, Mrs. D. Klein.

Those present at the Timberdale Golf and Country Club on Sunday, July 5, were: Dr. N. P. Solomon, Jack Joseph, J. Lipsey, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kaufmann, Dr. and Mrs. J. Rubin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dryer, Miss Hattie Adelstein, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Adelstein, Moe H. Gross, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shayne, Brenda Joseph, Ben Bernstein, Lyon Levine, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Becker, Mr. and Mrs. George Blumenthal, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Blumenthal, Harold Neumann, Martin Arnovitz, Dr. Myer Notkin, C. D. Goodman, Ben Rabinovitch, Mr. and Mrs. M. Garber, M. Rittenberg, Alf Rittenberg Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wolfe, Miss Rose Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rabinovitch, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Cummings, Ben Cummings, Harry Kamber, New York; Mrs. G. Kamber, Boston; Mrs. H. Yohalen, New York; Aubie Rittenberg, Mrs. Wm. E. R. Basch, of Boston; Mrs. J. N. Neumann, E. Markus, R. Markus, Mrs. M. Markus, Miss Hortense Markus, W. Rother, Miss Bella Lande, Lewis K. Friedman and Mrs. B. Friedman.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Mendelsohn and family, of Winnipeg, are going to live in Montreal.

The following spent the week-end at the Wenerville Hotel: Mrs. Lyon Cohen, Ralph Friedman, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Rubin and son, Mr. and Mrs. Laz. Silver and family, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rother and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jack

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Horwitz and family, Mrs. I. S. Goldenstein, Mrs. Goltman, Miss Lauterman, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pierce and son, Mrs. Gus Fischel, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Fischel and family, Richard Markus, Alfred Rittenberg, Mr. Goldberg, Lawrence Wener, Misses Dorothy Wener, Zelda Wener, Gertrude Wener, Virginia Decker of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Nussbaum and family, of Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hart, Norman Fischel, Moe Fels, Peter Fels, Dave Asch, Harold Fischel and Lawrence Wener.

Mr. L. B. Daniels, Sherbrooke Street West, is spending the summer months at Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. D. B. Taub, Sherbrooke Street, is summering at Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. J. J. Daniels and daughter will spend the rest of the season at Old Orchard Beach.

John Rubin, formerly of Montreal, now of New York, who is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Rubin, is leaving shortly.

Miss Belle Kestenbaum, of New York, in town visiting relatives, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. S. Berinbaum, St. Urbain Street.

Miss Esther Fitch, who spent some time in New York, is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Fitch, Sherbrooke Street West.

Louis E. Muran, of Boston, visited his sister, Mrs. Z. Ratner, Marlowe Avenue, on Sunday.

Misses Sarah Levitt, Grosvenor Avenue, and Jeanette Goldwater, of Lachine, left this week for Ste. Agathe.

Mrs. Samuel Wener and Miss Gertrude Wener, Western Avenue, left for Lake Placid, N.Y., where they will remain several weeks.

Dave Goldner, of New York, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Goldner, Hutchison Street.

Mrs. B. Albert and baby son, Benji, 741 Querbes Avenue, Outremont, have left for Long Branch Park, Ont., to be with Mr. and Mrs. M. Hadler.

Mrs. Sam Bloomfield and family and Miss Leah Brown are spending the summer at Hudson.

Miss Bella Benjamin, Sherbrooke Street West, is at Ste. Agathe.

Dr. Ezra Lozinski, Park Avenue, spent last week-end at Mt. Sinai Sanitorium, Ste. Agathe.

Mrs. S. W. Jacobs and family, Cote St. Antoine Road, now in Atlantic City, are expected home the last week in July.

Mrs. Cohen and Miss Lillie Cohen, Mance Street, motored to New York to stay for several weeks.

Miss Bessie Elkin, Marlowe Avenue, and Mrs. Max Diamond, Vendome Avenue, are spending several weeks at St. Faustin.

Miss Sylvia Neumann, Cote St. Antoine Road, who stayed for several weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Neumann, of Ogdensburg, is back home.

Mrs. M. Kahn, 415 Stuart Avenue, is leaving for Asheville, N.C., where she will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. J. L. Blumberg.

Miss Rebecca Franklin, Esplanade Avenue, is vacationing at Ste. Agathe.

Miss Rose Wolofsky, Esplanade Avenue, is spending some time at Ste. Agathe.

Mrs. N. Myerson, St. Joseph Boulevard, is at Trout Lake.

Jos. Rosenthal, of New York, spent last week-end the guest of his mother, Mrs. J. Rosenthal, Tupper Street.

Mrs. Irwin Rubinovich, Decarie Boulevard, is spending a few weeks at Far Rockaway.

Mrs. Reuben Bain, of Quebec, stayed over the week-end in Montreal.

Mrs. A. Bilsky, Roslyn Avenue, is spending the summer at Atlantic City.

Israel Tavel, of Worcester, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Levin, Lansdowne Avenue.

Miss Rhoda Lande, Grosvenor Avenue, is summering at Camp Wi-Co-Su-Ta, Bristol, N.H.

Saul E. Moskovitch, Dorchester Street West, has left for Wenerville for a few weeks.

Harold Lande, Grosvenor Avenue, is summering at Camp Wah-kee-nah, Plymouth, N.H.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Engel and son are at their cottage at Dorval.

Miss Claire Goldstein left for Toronto, where she will be joined by her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. Davis, of Kitchener, Ont., formerly of Montreal. They will motor to Hamilton, Grimsby Beach, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York.

Miss Freda Rubinovich, Northcliffe Avenue, has returned from St. Bruno where she spent the week end.

Mrs. S. Fish, Western Avenue, is summering at Prefontaine's Mills.

Harold Neumann, Morrie Singer, Nick Grobstein and Myer Berson spent last week-end at Noyan, Que.

Dr. S. Ortenberg, Prince Arthur Street West, has returned from Morin Heights, where he convalesced after his recent illness.

Among those who registered at the Chateau Quinte during the past week are: Mr. and Mrs. Vineberg and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. M. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Shulman, Miss Rose Daniels, Mrs. L. B. Daniels, Max Cohen, Mrs. Moe Rosenstone, Mr. and Mrs. L. Rosenstone, Mrs. S. Rosenstone, M. Rosenstone, Mr. Steinberg, Mrs. B. Adams, Mr. Carl Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. S. Dorfman and family, of Quebec; Miss Bulmasch, of Detroit. A party attended the Montefiore Orphans' Home dance, which was held at Ste. Agathe. The party was composed of Misses Fannie Schafer, Jennie Schafer, Nettie Schafer, Dora Kaufman, Mary Sherman, Sam Epstein.

Moe Goldner, who was in town to attend the Jeffay-Goldner wedding, has returned to Namina, Ont.

Mrs. N. Auerbach and Miss Dora Auerbach were joint hostesses at a miscellaneous shower and bridge at the Edinburgh Cafe, July 8, in honour of Miss Fanny Auerbach, a bride of August 6. About sixty guests were present. Prizes were won by Mesdames H. M. Axelrod, S. Margolis, M. Hornstein, Feldman, H. Auerbach, L. Kaufman, Miss Levitt, Mrs. Glickman and Mrs. Basbaum.

Misses Fraid, Strathcona Avenue, are summering at Wenerville.

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Mrs. Lyon Cohen, Rosemount Avenue, spend the week-end at Wenerville.

Miss Ray Jacobs, of Toronto, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Marcus Sperber, Western Avenue, before leaving for Old Orchard Beach.

Among those who spent some time at the Timberdale Golf and Country Club during the week-end of July 11 and 12 were: Mr. and Mrs. L. Blumer and daughters, Mr. and Mrs George Rabinovitch, Ben Rabinovitch, Mr. and Mrs. Max Leopold, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Leopold, Mr. and Mrs. Segal, Mr. and Mrs. R. Blumenthal, Mr. and Mrs. R. Dryer, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Adelstein, Mr. and Mrs. A. S Cohen, Ben Bernstein, Dr. Freedman, Esther Kert, Mr. and Mrs. Vineberg, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Neumann, Misses Marjorie, Elaine and Sylvia Neumann, Jason Neumann, Miss Hattie Adelstein, Dave Notkin, Dr. Myer Notkin, Dr. Louis Notkin, Reggie Jacobs, Joe Vineberg, Al Barnard, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. L. Samuelsohn, Miss Betty Samuelsohn, J. Lipsey, William Singer and Alderman Louis Rubenstein.

Miss Rose Rothblatt has left for New York, Boston and Philadelphia for her vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Bronfman, Western Avenue, motored to Camp Wi Co-Su-Ta, New Hampshire, to visit their four daughters.

Mrs. Abe Singer and daughter, of Toronto, are expected in town shortly to spend a few days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Berlind, before leaving for Old Orchard.

Mrs. Harry Rother and family, Hudson Street, are at Wenerville.

Mrs. P. Glickman and Miss Miriam Glickman, Redfern Avenue, are at Hotel Vermont, Ste. Agathe.

Mrs. Barney Rubin and family, Vendome Avenue, are summering at Wenerville.

Mrs. U. Zimmerman and sons, Bethlehem, Pa., are with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shapiro, Prudhomme Avenue.

Miss Betty Klein, Esplanade Avenue, is spending several weeks in New York.

Mrs. D. Bloomfield and family, Redfern Avenue, are spending the summer at Sixteen Island Lake.

Mrs. S. Victor, St. Catherine Street West, is leaving for Sixteen Island Lake, to be there two weeks.

Dr. Reuben Breitman, of the Hospital for Joint Diseases, New York City, is visiting his parents at 1929 Esplanade Avenue.

Mrs. H. Vosberg and family are motoring down to Lake Placid, New York, to be there until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Cohen and daughter, Edna, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Wolfe, 5054 Sherbrooke Street West.

Mrs. M. Climan, Joyce Avenue, and Mrs. I. Kronenberg, Esplanade Avenue, were joint hostesses at a bridge and kitchen shower on Sunday, July 5, at the Edinburgh Cafe, in honour of Miss Ada Springer, whose marriage to Dave Silverman takes place in August.

Mrs. Louis Wolfe, Lillian and Gerald, Marlowe Avenue, are returning from Atlantic City on Sunday, July 19.

Mrs. E. J. Kussner and children, Dorchester Street West, have left for Lake Placid, New York, to stay for the summer.

S. Moskovitch, Dorchester Street West, has left for New York, Atlantic City and Miami, Fla.

Mrs. Maitland Lee, of Chicago, Ill., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Leo, Argyle Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Barsky (nee Ruth Polisuk) have returned from their honeymoon.

Al Segal, of New York, who was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Charles Solomon, Park Avenue, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Goodman, Clarke Street, after spending July in Saratoga Springs, will visit friends in New York and Washington.

Mrs S. Wasserman is spending several weeks in Val David.

Miss Dorothy Bramson, Mance Street, is spending several weeks in Val Morin.

Mrs. B. Tdaw is spending six weeks in Quebec and other points.

Miss Shirley Silver, of New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. Rubin.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Borneisl, 220 Christophe Colombe Street, spent Sunday at the Lake View Inn, Lake Champlain.

A. Ornstein, of Toronto, spent the week-end in town.

Among those who entertained in honour of Mrs. B. Silver, of New York, the guest of Mrs. R. Rubin, were: Mrs. M. Wolfe, Villeneuve Avenue, dinner on Sunday, July 5; Mrs. B. Siblin, Esplanade Avenue, tea and bridge on Wednesday, July 8; Mrs. H. Reider, tea and bridge on Monday, July 6; and Mrs. R. Rubin, evening on Thursday, July 9.

Miss Mary Vallin, of Ed. Charles Avenue, Outremont, is spending her vacation at the Laurentian Chateau, Val Morin, Que.

Mrs. H. M. Levinoff and children have left for Old Orchard, where they have a cottage for the summer.

Mrs. Laz. Silver, Victoria Avenue, is summering at Wenerville.

Jacob Elkin, Belmont Avenue, spent the week-end at Wenerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pierce and family, Marcil Avenue, are spending the summer at Wenerville.

Mrs. B. Silver and son, John Silver, of New York, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Rubin for the past two weeks, have returned.

Mr. and Mrs. David Kirsch, Vendome Avenue, have motored to Lake Placid and New York.

Misses Bertha Neumann, Cote St. Antoine Road, and Lena Ashkaloney, Claremont Avenue, spent last week-end at Lake View Inn, Lake Champlain.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Berlind and family, Elm Avenue, are leaving shortly for Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. S. Rosenhek and family, Esplanade Avenue, are at their summer home in Campbellton, N.B.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Rubinovich, Sherbrooke Street West, and family, and Mrs. Isaacs, spent Sunday at Wenerville.

Mrs. E. Rubin and children, Decarie Boulevard, are spending the summer at Shawbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Miller are in Woodlands.

Miss Ruth Bookman spent last week in Toronto, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bookman.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Markus, Grey Avenue, spent a few days in Toronto, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. Cohen.

Charles Rubin, Western Avenue, who motored to Old Orchard with his family last week, has returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Fogel (nee Tillie Berman) have returned from their honeymoon in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Bloom (nee Bertha Cohen) are home from their wedding trip, which they spent in the Laurentians.

Miss Bessie Viner, Mount Royal Avenue, Mrs. M. Marcovitz, Prince Arthur Apartments, and Mrs. N. Nadler, Mt. Royal Avenue, left on Saturday, July 11, to visit friends and relatives in Los Angeles, California. They will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Viner in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kobernick (nee Bella Leve) have returned from their honeymoon, which was spent in Atlantic City and Vermont.

Mrs. M. Elman, St. Urbain Street, is leaving shortly for Toronto to be with her daughter, Mrs. M. Herman Kluger.

Joseph Levitt, of Dublin, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Levitt at Dorval, sailed for home on the "Montrose," July 10, accompanied by his son, Dr. Percy Levitt, who spent the past year in Montreal.

Dr. Saul Usher, who spent a year and a half at the Children's Hospital at Philadelphia, returned to Montreal July 1 and is spending several weeks in Sherbrooke, Que. Dr. and Mrs. Usher will spend the last two weeks in July at Woodlands with Mr. and Mrs. M. Usher. Dr. Usher will resume his practice at the beginning of August, specializing in children's diseases, and will have his office, until the fall, at 382 Metcalfe Avenue.

Misses Annie Seidman and Etta Goldman were joint hostesses at a tea and bridge on July 6 at Miss Goldman's home, in honour of Miss Fannie Steinman, who is leaving for Los Angeles to resume her studies at the University.

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Among those present were Misses Dora and Goldie Steinman, Celia Penner, Annie Steinman, Anne and Beckie Goldstein, Theresa Cafetu, Gertrude and Lily Silverman, Hilda Ellison, Bella Feldman, L. Schecter, R. Rosenberg, Bernice Goldberg, Beatrice, Clarice and Sylvia Goldman. Misses Hilda Ellison, G. Silverman, L. Schecter won prizes, and Fannie Steinman the guest prize. Among others who entertained for Miss Steinman were: Mrs. F. Feldman, dinner for twelve on July 6; Miss L. Schecter, Querbes Avenue, pyjama party, July 7; and Mrs. H. Steinman, dinner for twenty on July 9.

Mr. Feldman, who recently arrived in Montreal from Los Angeles, California, has returned, accompanied by his niece and nephew, Fanny and Jack Steinman.

Dr. Louis Goldman has returned from Quebec City.

Guests at Hotel Vermont, Ste. Agathe des Monts, for the week were: Mrs. I. Routtenberg and family, Miss Leba Presner, Mrs. Anna Presner, Miss Sylvia Presner, Miss Lieba Adelstein, Mrs. Felstein, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hessler and daughter, J. H. Edelberg, Mrs. M. Rosen, Miami, Fla.; Mrs. I. Rosen and daughter, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. J. Michlin, Dr. and Mrs. Ortenberg, Miss Judy Ortenberg, Z. Wigdor, L. Michlin, Murray Kussner, Mrs. H. Brainin and son, H. M. Adelstein, Dora Raich, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gordon, Miami, Fla., Mrs. P. Glickman, Miss Miriam Glickman, Sarah Fenn, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lazare and son, Mr. and Mrs. Carsley, Mr. and Mrs. Glassberg, Mrs. B. Bernstein, Mr. Lazare, S. J. Rodman, Ralph Isaacs, St. John, N.B.; Mr. Levine, Baltimore, Md., Mr. Rodman, Baltimore, Md.; Moe Levitt, H. H. Rudner, New York; A. Wigdor, Miss F. Cohen, New York, Geo. Gelgoot, J. J. Myerson, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon, I. Mendelsohn, J. Steinhouse, S. Robinson, Wm. Rothman, Mr. and Mrs. L. Rubin and family, Dr. A. Dworkin, Dr. B. Silverman, Dr. A. Strasberg, A. Kishner, L. Lerman, H. Tolmates, Mr. and Mrs. A. Griakis, Mrs. Ch. Griakis, New York; Geo. Griakis, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ziff and family, S. Gasco and family, M. Insky, H. Gold, Chas. Rapp, Mr. and Mrs. Vineberg and family, D. S. Shapiro and wife, Chas. Sourkes, Dr. and Mrs. J. Rosenbaum and daughter, Mrs. A. Shapiro and son, Quebec; Miss G. Rosen, Anna Garmaise, Ben Bald, Willie Shapiro, Quebec; Harry Lauria, Mr. and Mrs. B. Silverman, Isidor Specter, Sara Adelman, R. J. Nemirof, A. Leibling, Quebec; Moe Wegler, Miss Miller, Miss R. Franklyn, Miss Bella Benjamin, Mrs. Myers and daughters. The nine-hole golf course in connection with Hotel Vermont was ready July 12.

BORN

To Mr. and Mrs. Ben Joseph, Marlowe Avenue, a son, at the Medical Arts Building, on Tuesday, July 14.

At Medical Arts Hospital, June 30, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Wendman, a son. (Nee Lilly Weiss.)

July 41, at Medical Arts Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. I. Irving Tarshis, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Louis Climan (nee Annie Zimmerman), June 30, at the Medical Arts Hospital, a daughter.

July 1, at the Montreal Maternity Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rostoker, a son.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. and Mrs. M. Greenberg announce the engagement of their daughter, Ray, to David Lank, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Lank, both of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Greenberg announce the engagement of their daughter, Minnie, to S. Raskin.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. Cohen, of Verdun, Que., announce the engagement of their sister, Miss Esther Segall, to J. Yuda, of Montreal, Que.

BAR-MITZVAH

Mr. and Mrs. H. Silverman, Esplanade Avenue, celebrated their son Sydney's bar-mitzvah on July 4, at the New Adath Jeshurun Synagogue. Rabbi Berger presented the bar-mitzvah with a seder. A reception was held at which Mrs. H. Silverman, in black georgette, trimmed with steel beads, received, assisted by her daughters, Mrs. C. Magonet and Miss Rose Silverman. On July 5 a dinner was held at the Annex Hall for 125 guests. I. Singer was toastmaster. The out-of-town guests were: Mrs. M. Singer and daughters, Ruthie and Libbie, of Toronto and D. L. Bloom, of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Amdursky, Esplanade Avenue, were at home on Sunday, June 5, in honour of the bar-mitzvah of their son, Harold. Miss J. Gordon and Miss C. Gordon assisted the hostess in receiving 100 guests. Service Saturday, June 4, at the Bnai Jacob Synagogue.

IN MEMORIAM

All notices under this head twenty-five cents per count line

In loving memory of my dear husband, Joseph S. Cohen, who passed away July 25, 1924 (23rd day of Tammuz).

We are thinking of you to-day, dear husband,
Thinking of the past,
Picturing you in memory
Just as we saw you last.
You left behind aching hearts,
That loved you most sincere,
That never did, nor never will
Forget you, papa dear.

Sadly missed by wife, Jennie, Lillian, and Sylvia.

In sad and loving memory of my dear friend, Jennie Schnerer, who was killed accidentally on July 14, 1924. Inserted by her friend, Mary Hitzig.

In sad and loving memory of my dear friend, Jennie Schnerer, who was killed accidentally on July 14, 1924. Inserted by her friend, Mrs. J. Hitzig.

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GOLDEN WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kaplan, 2506 Hutchison Street, were at home on Sunday, July 12, in honour of the golden wedding anniversary of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Kaplan. Mrs. M. Kaplan, in a gown of black and gold, was attended by Mrs. C. Kaplan, in black satin with trimming of real lace and fringe. The wedding march was played by Isadore Cohen, accompanied by Miss Mildred Kaplan. J. Cohen was toastmaster. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. S. Medine, Mr. and Mrs. H. Rosenfeld and son, Milton, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ginsberg and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cohen, Mrs. N. Kaufman, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cohen, Albert Caplan, Mr. Blaustein, A. Sommer, Mr. and Mrs. C. Sommer, Mrs. E. Sommer, and a few out-of-town guests.

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UPTOWN [illegible]

Chancellor Ramek, of Austria, in orders issued to the deans of all colleges in Vienna, stresses the necessity of restoring peace among the students, and urges the application of stringent measures to all cases of intolerance. The police have been authorised to invade campus grounds wherever disaffection threatens.

MARRIAGES

Jeffay—Goldner

The marriage of Cecile, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Goldner, to Albert B. Jeffay, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Jeffay, of Glasgow, Scotland, was solemnized July 5, at six o'clock, at the Windsor Hotel, Prince of Wales Salon. The ceremony was performed by Rabbi J. Berger, assisted by Cantor Caplansky and Rev. Narachov. The bride, who was given away by her father, was gowned in white chiffon over satin, beaded in rhinestones in butterfly design. Her French veil of silk net and lace was arranged in coronet fashion with orange blossoms and pearls and she carried a shower of Ophelia roses and lilies-of-the-valley. She was attended by her sister, Miss Claudia Goldner, as maid-of-honour, who wore a French gown of cyclamen georgette of floral design, studded with sequins, a silver lace hat and carried a bouquet of tea roses. The bridesmaids were: Misses Edythe Goldner, sister of the bride, and Miss Evelyn Shapiro, the former wearing an imported frock of aurora georgette with clusters of ribbon, the latter in French frock of powder-blue georgette over rose, trimmed with ecru lace, and both wore wreaths and carried bouquets of sweet peas in pastel shades. Harry Bernard was best man and the ushers were: Dave Goldner, of New York, brother of the bride, and Moe Goldner, of Nakina, Ont. Shirley Goldner, brother of the bride, was ring-bearer and Betty Thompson, in a dainty frock of yellow georgette was flower girl, and carried a basket of roses and sweet peas. The mother of the bride was gowned in a French dress of gold flat crepe with beads of shaded tones of the same colour, black and gold lace picture hat and carried a bouquet of American beauty roses. Mrs. H. Thompson wore an imported gown of powder-blue georgette, beaded in floral designs of Oriental colours, a black picture hat and carried a bouquet of red roses. The wedding music was played by Gerald Fels. During the signing of the register Miss Evelyn Rost sang "O Promise Me." Later Betty Thompson gave some Russian folk dances. The gift to the bride was a string of pearls; to the maid-of-honour, a French mesh bag of gold enamel; to the bridesmaids, link chain bracelets of sterling silver and platinum, set with stones; to the flower girl, a gold mesh bag. The gift to the best man was a pair of white gold and platinum cuff-links; to the ushers, mother-of-pearl dress sets; and to the ring-bearer, a gold signet ring. Dinner was held in the grand ball room of the hotel followed by a reception. Mr. and Mrs. B. Jeffay are spending their honeymoon in New York, Atlantic City and other points. Among the out-of-town guests were: Miss Ethel Berger, Ottawa, Dave Goldner, New York, and Moe Goldner, of Nakina, Ont.

Miller—Pinsler

The marriage took place on Tuesday evening, June 30, at six o'clock, at the Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue, Westmount, of Sadie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Miller, to Edward Pinsler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pinsler, of Westmount. The Rev. Dr. Abramowitz officiated, assisted by Rev. Segal and Rev. Cohen. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pinsler left later for a wedding trip to South Hero, New York, and other points.

COUSINS DROWN TOGETHER

Moe Micalson, 1528 Hutchison Street, and Sidney Pascal, 709 St. Urbain Street, were accidentally drowned in Lake Macaza, near Labelle, Quebec. It was reported that the boys were standing on the embankment talking to some friends in a rowboat, when one of them lost his footing and fell into one of the holes, which are dangerous at all times, but particularly so now that the water is so high. The other, seeing his companion disappear, jumped in after him. Both boys disappeared beneath the surface. An alarm was raised. Help from the shore arrived too late. Two hours' effort resulted in the recovery of the bodies, which were brought to Montreal for burial. The boys were cousins.

PIANIST WINS HONOURS

Miss Freda Silverman, twelve years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Silverman, 221 Esplanade Avenue, was again winner of first-class honours and a gold medal in a recent pianoforte examination held at the Royal Conservatory of Music. Of 600 who took the examination, only sixteen were eligible for this prize. Miss Silverman, who was a pupil of H. Silverman, ranked first of all the applicants.

BARON DE HIRSCH BOOK CLUB

Classes in advanced French conversation, correspondence and literature will be inaugurated by the French Study Circle of the Baron de Hirsch Book Club for the benefit of its members. The Club which will conduct other study circles will have one evening every week beginning in October for French classes, to be conducted by a French master. Information, chairman of the French Circle, M. A. Fink, 65 Mount Royal Avenue West, Calumet 1761; or to the secretary, Miss Sarah Miller, 1874 Esplanade Avenue, Belair 4034-W.

The Public Speaking Study Circle of the Baron de Hirsch Book Club held first inaugural meeting in the library of the Baron de Hirsch Institute, 2040 Bleury Street, on Monday evening, July 13. Information, chairman, Joseph Bronstein, 312 St. Dominique Street, Lancaster 3550; or the secretary, Miss Sarah Miller, 1874 Esplanade Avenue, Belair 4034-W.

H.O.H. CHILDREN LEAVE FOR SUMMER HOME

Ninety children of the Montreal Hebrew Orphans' Home left for their summer home at Shawbridge, July 1. Three large trucks carried the supplies, and the children rode in trucks. Arrangements for this were made by Joseph A. Dobrofsky, chairman of the house committee of the M.H.O.H., and C. B. Fainer, of Federation. The children have a large new summer home situated on thirty acres of ground, with playing, bathing and fishing facilities. They remain in the country until school starts. Full arrangements for the comfort of the children were made by A. M. Vineberg, president of the Home.

BON-AIR GARAGE, ST. LAWRENCE BOULEVARD NOW OPEN

The Bon-Air Garage, 571 St. Lawrence Boulevard, is now open as an exceptionally large, clean and bright public garage. Day and night service is at the disposal of patrons. Gasoline, oil, grease, and a general line of automobile accessories are on sale at reasonable prices. Up-to-date equipment has been installed for the washing and general repairs of cars. Expert workmen always in attendance. Situated as it is in the heart of the business district, the Bon-Air Garage is in a position to offer excellent service to automobile owners.

ROYAL ALBERT LODGE K.P., MOONLIGHT EXCURSIONS

This year the Lodge will, for the third year in succession, hold a moonlight excursion on the steamer "Three Rivers." Dancing and refreshments on board.

This year's excursion is Wednesday, July 22. The steamer will leave Victoria Pier at 8 p.m.

BRILLIANT SONGSTRESS IN TOWN

Mde. Pauline Donalda, Canadian Jewish prima donna, returned from France on board the S.S. "Melita" after an absence of eight years. She is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lightstone, Souvenir Avenue, and she does not expect to do any singing here except for charitable purposes.

After eighteen years, she retired two years ago in order to devote all her time to giving singing instruction in Paris, where she has a class of twenty-three pupils. The last appearance of Madame Donalda at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, was three years ago as "Concepcion" in Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole," but since then she represented Canada at the opening of Wembley last year. On the 27th of June a concert was given in Paris by Madame Donalda's pupils, which drew praise from the musical critics generally and especially of the Figaro, who claimed for Mlle. de la Giroday, one of her foremost pupils, a superb voice.

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CELEBRATE HERZL DAY

Montreal Jewry will observe next Sunday, the 21st anniversary of the death of Theodore Herzl, noted Jewish leader and founder of the Zionist movement. Services are being planned throughout the city by various organizations. A public mass meeting will be held in the Belmont Theatre, Mount Royal Street West, at 10 a.m., Sunday, under the auspices of Montreal Young Judaea. It will be presided over by Bernard Figler. Music. Bernard [illegible] will outline the significance of the event to world Jewry. An illustrated lecture on Palestine will be given by H. Freeman.

YOUNG JUDAEA PICNIC

The annual Judaean field day picnic was held at St. Helen's Island, July 5. Four hundred Judaeans and friends were present. Sing-songs and stunts were given by the clubs. The Homeland Boys' Club won the [illegible] Aggregate Trophy. The Daughters of Carmel Club won the A. J. Levin [illegible]. David Dennenberg won the [illegible] Trophy. Miss Bessie Kapusta won the cup and medal awarded for the Judaean of highest standing. Paul Segal won the Junior Aggregate Trophy and the Judaean Literary Circle won the Relay [illegible]. The judges were: Miss E. Fried[illegible], Jack Harris, B. Figler; clerk of course, Joseph Frank; chairmen of events, [illegible] Bernstein and Oscar Silverstone; track chairman, Philip Bernstein. The picnic committee thanks for assistance at the field day and picnic: J. Eliesen, I. J

Wainer, J. Rudner, H. Davidovitch and I. Schwartz.

THE BUSINESS MEN'S COUNCIL SHOE DIVISION HOLDS MEETING

The Councillors of Industry Division No. 8—the Boot and Shoe Industry—of the Business Men's Council of the Montreal Federation of Jewish Philanthropies met in the Baron de Hirsch Institute, 2010 Bleury Street, to receive divisional cash collection cards. Bills had been previously sent to all subscribers of Federation in this industry division. Within the next two weeks Division No. 8 will cover approximately 100 individual accounts in the city. The meeting was presided over by Louie Adelstein and S. L. Kert, joint chairmen. Among those present were B. Zackon, Jerry Segall, A. J. Livinson and N. Rabinovitch. Councillors unable to attend were: M. Williams, I. Simcovitch, L. Gelfand, M. Cummings, H. Prazoff, H. Singer and E. Issenman.

MONASH CIRCLE

The Monash Circle held its annual picnic and outing at Laurentian Chateau, Val Morin, P.Q., Sunday, July 5. Those present were: Misses Etta Berger, Susie Bloom, Dorothy Bramson, Ray Greenberg, Pearl Katz, Libby Ness, Fannie Schacter, Evelyn Sinclair, Bessie Weinstein, Ethel Witkov, Annie Sandler, Anna Scott, Jennie Costoff, and Mrs. L. Berger; and I. Brandis, M. Berger, M. Bowman, M. Esar, L. I. Foohlich, A. Greenberg, A. Harris, M. Lazare, H. A. Sinclair, M. Lecker, I. Kutz, Dave Lank, N. Lank, B. Wall, I. Mendelman, and L. Bruger.

TWO HUNDRED BOYS AT LUNCHEON

The Family Welfare Department of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, represented by Miss Malca H. Friedman, recently co-operated with the Kiwanis Committee at its luncheon for underprivileged boys of Montreal, held in the Windsor Hotel on Thursday, July 8. Ten boys, selected by the family welfare department, were the guests of Irving D. Freedman, Nat Cohen, Leo Bramson and other Jewish members of the Kiwanis. The lads were conveyed from the Baron de Hirsch Institute to the Windsor Hotel and back again through the courtesy of the Yellow Taxicab Co. In all, there were about 200 boys from clubs and institutions.

BANQUET IN HONOUR OF I. B. COHEN

On Wednesday evening a banquet was held in the Fairmount Hall in honour of I. B. Cohen, Principal of the Bialik Hebrew School, who leaves for Palestine. The banquet was arranged by the pupils. The speakers were Mr. Lifshitz, Miss H. Richler, M. Gold, Herman and Mrs. Simonovitch.

HEBREW FREE LOAN ASSOCIATION

The following are visiting guests at the loan meeting to be held on Wednesday July 15, at 5 p.m.: E. Alexander, A. Almosnino, Sam Kalman, Sam Kal[illegible]asch, David Wolfe and Max Wolfe. This Association lends up to $200.00 free of all interest or any other charges. The committee meets every Wednesday, 5 p.m. Applications may be made Monday till 8 p.m.

Y.W.H.A. SUMMER "OUT-DOOR" SESSIONS FOR CITY

The Y.W.H.A. has Miss Una Shecter in charge of summer work in the city.

The programme includes handicrafts as well as athletic pastimes, all sessions to be carried on outdoors. Miss Shecter has had experience teaching in the public schools of Montreal, leading Young Judaean clubs, and taking charge of a library, and is well trained to take the leadership of this new department.

Outline of the summer programme of the Y[illegible]

Seniors and Intermediates—1. Swimming classes, Rubenstein Bath, Tuesday, 8 to 9.30 p.m. 2. Outdoor moving pictures. 3. Outdoor reading and sing-song. 4. Tennis. 5. Picnics, rides, walks, boat trips, etc. 6. Theatricals. Those interested in any particular item or items, please register in the office at 717 St. Urbain Street.

Juniors (school girls from 10 to 16 eligible)—Outdoor classes, beginning on July 2, will be held in the following items: 1. All sorts of games. 2. Rythmic dancing. 3. Light athletics. 4. Stories. 5. Rafia basketry. 6. Swimming, Rubenstein Bath, Tuesday, 4 to 5.30 p.m.

Inter-group and inter-association game-fests will take place at the end of July; also an elaborate exhibition of dancing, athletics, games, and rafia basketry, at the McGill Stadium in August. Those interested will please register from 4 to 6 in the afternoon.

The Y.W.H.A. Welcome Camp is at Lac Brule in the Laurentians as usual. Mrs. D. H. Bernstein is organizer.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kushner, of Sherbrooke, Que., have left for a two weeks' motor trip to the United States.

HULL, QUE.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Silverman, Hull, Que., were at home for the week-end in honour of their son, Charles. Barmitzvah service was held in King Edward Synagogue, followed by a reception, Rabbi Mintz presiding.

Those who assisted Mrs. Silverman were: Mrs. D. Ginsberg, Mrs. I. Goldstein, Mrs. E. Mendleson, the Misses E. Uditsky, E. Bernstein, A. Uditsky, B. Silverman, Rose Silverman. The decorations consisted of coloured streamers, and the tables were centred with silver baskets of peonies, sweet peas and ferns.

The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. B. Mindlin, Mr. and Mrs. E. Mendleson, Mr. and Mrs. I. Goldstein, Mrs. M. Moscovitch, Mrs. E. Goldstein and Misses Silvia Mendelson, Alice Goldstein and Carl Mendelson, all of Montreal. The popular speakers at the reception were Rabbi Mintz, C. Caplin, as chairman, and M. Slonimsky.

Victoriaville, Que.

Phillip Grosser, who is studying in Montreal, is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chs. Grosser. Mrs. Grosser, who motored to Montreal to meet her sister, Mrs. J. Feingold, of New York, has returned, accompanied by her guests, Miss Gertie Grosser and Sophie Herscovitch.

Mrs. Sam Grosser entertained at a supper and dance in honour of Miss Grosser and Miss Herscovitch, of Montreal.

Mrs. J. Linstein entertained at a bridge and five hundred in honour of Miss Grosser and Miss Herscovitch, of Montreal. Prizes were won by Mrs. Chs. Grosser and Mrs. Charron, of Sherbrooke. The guests received prizes.

Mrs. Chs. Grosser entertained at a dinner in honour of her guests, Miss Grosser and Miss Herscovitch, of Montreal. The table was decorated with cut flowers and ferns. Rev. Mittleman, of Sherbrooke, was also a guest for the day.

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CANADIANS IN LOS ANGELES

Mr. and Mrs. S. Diamond have left to spend some time in Ottawa, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Adilman and family motored to Swoboba over the week-end.

Mrs. L. Lerner and family are spending the summer months at Ocean Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Weigel, Miss Roslyn Weigel, of Hartford, Conn., and Miss Tess Glickman took the Catalina Island trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Goldman (nee Miss Martha Heillig) are at Santa Monica Beach for the summer.

Mrs. L. Frischling and Mrs. P. Strann are leaving shortly for San Francisco, and will be the guests of Mrs. Starke.

Mrs. A. Vineberg and Mr. T. Vineberg and son of Montreal, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Adilman, Clinton Avenue.

Mrs. Max Levine has returned from San Francisco where she attended the Bnai Brith Convention.

Mrs. P. M. Florence, East 27th Street, gave a farewell evening party in honour of her husband who is leaving for Montreal, New York and other Eastern cities. Mrs. Florence will spend the summer at the Beach during her husband's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Segal and family spent the week-end at Long Beach.

Dr. Marks is recovering from injuries received in a recent automobile accident.

OTTAWA

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Tracey, of Boston, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Darwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gold, of Montreal, while in the city to attend the druggists' convention last week, stayed with the latter's sister, Mrs. Chas. Kert, and Mr. Kert. Mr. and Mrs. Kert and Master Morley Kert accompanied them back to Montreal.

Mrs. J. Ralph, of Montreal, is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Horwitz.

Miss Rose Slonemsky has returned from Montreal after a two months' visit with relatives in Kingston, N.Y., Albany, New York and New London, Conn. In Albany Miss Slonemsky was a delegate to the Bnai Brith convention, May 10 and 11.

Mrs. A. Belman left for New York to visit for a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Posner, and other relatives.

Miss Sara Torontow entertained on Wednesday of last week in honour of Miss Ethel Mindlin, of Montreal.

Miss Sadie Shenkman is spending the next two weeks at Ste. Agathe des Monts, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Freiman, Miss Dorothy and Lawrence, have returned from a motor trip to New York.

Mrs. J. Golub left last Sunday for Rahway, N.J., to be with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. Levine, and her son, Mr. Jack Golub, for a month.

Leonard Bishop, who has been spending the past month in California with his parents, has returned.

David Scott of Welch, West Virginia, arrived last week to join his wife and family, who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Caplan.

Cecil Slonemsky spent last week end at Wenerville, P.Q.

Mrs. J. Kizell and family are away for the remainder of the summer at Crystal Beach, Ont.

Mrs. Sam Gluck entertained at her summer cottage at New Orchard Beach in compliment to her sister, Mrs. A. Steinberg, of Philadelphia, Pa.

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A reception was held to celebrate the bar-mitzvah of Master Charles Silverman at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Silverman, 56 Bridge Street, Hull, P.Q. The house was decorated with summer flowers and more than fifty guests were present. Rabbi M. J. Mintz addressed the gathering and C. Caplan, of Ottawa, presided. Among the out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. B. Midlin, Mr. and Mrs. E. Mendleson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Goldstein and Mrs. P. Muscovitch, all of Montreal. Misses I. Uditsky and L. Bernstein assisted the hostess.

In commemoration of Herzl Day a special memorial service was held at the Talmud Torah Hall last Sunday night by the Maccabaean Zion Society. A. J. Freiman, president of the Zionist Organization of Canada, spoke. The service was conducted by the cantor of the Rideau Street Synagogue. A collection was taken for the Herzl Wald, started in memory of the late Dr. Herzl. During the last three years approximately one million trees have been planted each year. Each two dollars given toward this Wald means another tree planted in Palestine. The Young Judaean groups also conducted a memorial service at the Community Centre last Sunday morning.

MARRIAGES

Greenberg—Baker

The marriage took place recently at the Talmud Torah Hall of Miss Minnie Baker, sister of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Baker, of Almonte, to Ben Greenberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Greenberg, of Billings Bridge. The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, wore a gown of white flat crepe with flounces of lace and bead trimmings. The folds of her veil were held with a wreath of orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Mrs. L. Baker, as matron of honour, wore a beaded gown of powder blue and carried a bouquet of sunburst roses. There were three bridesmaids, Miss Anna Applebaum, Miss Sylvia Apple and Miss Faye Sheen, of Montreal. Miss Applebaum was in shell pink flat crepe with ribbon trimmings; Miss Apple, powder blue georgette with lace trimmings; and Miss Sheen, Nile green flat crepe with flounces of lace. They carried carnations and sweet peas. The flower girl, Miss Bessie Baker, of Almonte wore a frock of pale pink georgette and carried a basket of sweet peas and baby's breath. Bernard Greenberg, a brother of the groom, attended as best man, and ushers were Louis Brancher, Morris Wolfe and Louis Wolfe. Out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Smolkin and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Brancher, all of Almonte; Mr. and Mrs. Kronick and family, of Shawville; Mrs. Herscovitz, Miss Faye Sheen, and Messrs. L. and M. Wolfe, all of Montreal.

BORN

At the Ottawa Civic Hospital, Ottawa, on Thursday, July 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Morris, of Kingston, a son.

WINNIPEG

Winnipeg Chapter of Hadassah raised for general Zionist and the special Hadassah causes, $4,423.64, of which $892.20 has been secured and remitted on pledges of $1,675 obtained for the Keren Hayesod. The Chapter has just remitted the balance of funds on hand to the Hadassah headquarters at Ottawa.

The financial receipts of the Winnipeg Chapter enabled them to make the following appropriations: Hebrew University, $300; Tuberculosis Sanitarium, $800; National Fund, $574.44; Shekolim, $200; Chaluzim, $200; Orphans, $250; Herzl Forest, $225; Girls' Agricultural School, $607; Kvootzu or women chalutz, $100; Zionist prisoners in Russia (Dr. Rebelsky's Fund), $150; Tachkemoni High School Fund, $100; Paole Zion Book Campaign, $25. The Chapter has on hand the collection of the balance of Keren Hayesod pledges.

A bazaar held by the Chapter recently netted $1,607. At the closing meeting of the 1924-1925 season, Mrs. H. E. Wilder was presented with flowers, and their names will be entered in the Golden Book to commemorate their seventeenth wedding anniversary.

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LONDON

Mrs. C. H. Burns and Mrs. S. C. Harris are summering at Ashbury Park, Brunswick Hotel.

Mrs. W. Leff, William Street, gave her home for an Hadassah talent tea and bridge. Mrs. B. Wolf won first prize. $22 was raised. Mrs. Leff entertained in honour of her daughter, Rose, who graduated recently from the University of Western Ontario. Miss Rose Leff received the degree of B.A., and won two gold medals.

The Hadassah Chapter of London held a garden party and dance recently in Mrs. Fishbein's garden. The committee in charge were: Mesdames Leff, S. C. Harris, Weinstein, Lechinsky, M. Wilensky, E. Packer, B. Wilensky, A. Packer, J. M. Fink, B. Wolf, I. Goldstick, E. Richmond, Kalmanson and Misses Leah Lewis and E. Silverstein.

New officers of the London Chapter are: Mrs. W. Leff, president; Mrs. E. Packer, vice-president; Mrs. Isidore Goldstick, corresponding and financial secretary; Mrs. J. M. Fink, recording secretary; Mrs. M. Fishbein, treasurer. Trustees: Mesdames Weinstein, Kalmanson, M. Wilensky, S. C. Harris, B. Jacobs and Miss Lewis. Mrs. Weinstein is convener of sick committee and Mrs. Harris, convener of refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Fink entertained Mrs. A. J. Freiman, Miss Dorothy Freiman, Dr. Motzkin and Dr. Eisenstadt at dinner, on their visit here in behalf of the Russian orphans. The Bnai Brith Lodge entertained the visiting delegation. A motor trip through the city was arranged and an informal luncheon was held at Wong's Cafe after the mass meeting. Over $1,000 was raised at the meeting for the Russian orphans. Flowers were presented to Mrs. Freiman by the Hadassah Chapter and Bnai Brith Lodge. The Junior Chapter of Hadassah, Daughters of Zion, presented Miss Dorothy Freiman with roses.

At a recent meeting held by the Hadassah Senior Chapter, Dr. L. Jessel installed the newly-elected officers. He reviewed the work done by Hadassah in Palestine and work by the Chapter here. Mrs. Fishbein was presented with a certificate for five trees and Mrs. B. Wilensky with a Golden Book certificate. Miss Leah Lewis, who had held the office of recording secretary for six years and is retiring now, was presented with a loving cup by Mrs. Weinstein, Mrs. I. Goldstick reading the address. It was voted to send $50 for the adopted orphans fund; $25 for the Agricultural School, and $25 for the Tachkemoni High School in Palestine. Mrs. C. H. Burns, Marley Place, donated $25 to Chapter funds.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Finklestein and three sons, of St. Thomas, are leaving to make their home in Tel-Aviv, Palestine. Their names were inscribed in the Golden Book by the Keren Hayesod committee of which Mr. Finklestein was chairman. Mrs. Finklestein was honoured by the Hadassah Chapter with a certificate for several trees.

Twenty-two guests surprised Mr. and Mrs. I. Goldstick at their home on Thursday evening. Bridge was played followed by a musical programme. A silver gift was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Goldstick.

Mrs. L. Wolfe gave a stork shower in honour of Mrs. Jessel. Bridge prizes were won by Mrs. B. Wolf and Mrs. Jessel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Server and family, of Detroit, were guests with Mr. and Mrs. Max Lerner for the week-end. Later they motored to Toronto and visited Mr. and Mrs. W. Agranove, Wells Hill Road.

Mrs. C. H. Osher has returned from California, where she visited her mother for five weeks.

Mrs. B. Wolf, Belgrave Place, gave a bridge in honour of Miss Shanfield, of Chicago, Ill.

Miss Leah Lewis entertained the executive committee of the Hadassah Chapter at her home on Monday evening. Bridge prizes were won by Mesdames Kalmanson, Wilensky and Lechinsky.

HAMILTON

ANSHE SHOLOM

Last Thursday the annual picnic for the children of the religious school of Anshe Sholom was held at Dundurn Park. Supper at the pavilion by the ladies of the Deborah Society. Mortimer Levy, of Toronto, Saul Lyons and Rabbi Freund were in charge of the games. Prizes were awarded to: little ones' race, Sylvia Barnett, Charles Dubbin, Eva Barnett; boys' race (9-10), —1, Bernard Davis; 2, Edgar Levi; 3, Melville Fagan; girls' race (9-10)—1, Evelyn Skudwick; 2, Miriam Lyons; 3, Selma Silverman; boys' race (10-13)—1, Robert Fenwick; 2, Edward Mack; 3, Leo Davis; girls' race (10-13)—1, Ruth Glass; 2, Lucille Jacobs; 3, Helen Davis; three-legged race for girls—1, Ruth Glass and Reva Frank; shoe race —1, Ben Cohen; 2, Bernard Davis; 3, Harold Lyons; wheelbarrow race—1, Harold Lyons and Edward Mack; 2, Edgar Levi and Nathan Fenwick; ball race for boys—1, Earl Lyons; Hymie Sweet; three-legged race for boys H. Sweet and Sol Cohen; ball race, girls—1, Selma Silverman; 2, Ruth Glass, 3, Miriam Lyons; girls' race (6-8)—1, Miriam Mack; 2, Pearl Frank; 3, Nita Skudwick; boys' race (11)—1, Nathan Fenwick; 2, David Fagan; 3, Harold Pliscow. Rabbi Freund has left for his vacation, first motoring home to Cincinnati and later to Chicago, where he will remain until September.

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BOARD OF EDUCATION

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Business Administrator and Secretary-Treasurer, Board of Education, Administration Building, 155 College Street, endorsed with the word "Tender" and also with the name of the school building and trade or article to which it relates will be received until

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  Group B.—Nos. 82, 86 and 86½ Euclid Avenue, Manning Avenue Site.
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  Group D.—Nos. 695 and 697 **Ontario Street, Rose** Avenue **Site.**
(2) **Tuckpointing, etc., for Harbord Collegiate.**
(3) **Plaster Work for** Frankland **School.**
(4) **Concrete Work for** Alexander **Muir School.**
(5) **Concrete Work for Wm.** Houston **School.**
(6) **Concrete Work for Eastern** High **School of Commerce.**

Specifications and conditions for tendering may be seen and all information obtained at the office of the architect of the Board, 155 College Street, Telephone Trinity 8200.

Tenders must be in the office of the Secretarial Department at the Administration Building, 155 College Street, **not later than 4 o'clock** on the day **named, at which time** they will be opened and after which no tender will be received. The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

M. A. BRILLINGER, Chairman Property Committee.

W. W. PEARSE, Business Administrator and Secretary-Treasurer.

D. C. HAIG, Chairman Advisory Commercial Committee.

MAXWELL STREET, CHICAGO

By David Graubart, of Toronto

Hidden in the West Side of Chicago and frowning upon the brilliant, dazzling business streets of the great metropolis of the Middle West, is Maxwell Street. A bit of Eastern Europe has been transplanted to modern American Chicago; therefore echoes of ancient days are heard in the cries of Maxwell Street. The pseudo-merchants of a Warsaw have taken their Wolowa Place, shifted it over to the Windy City, and named it Maxwell Street.

Maxwell Street presents an interesting panorama of booths arranged alongside the street, where all sorts of salable goods are exposed for sale. The owners of these places of business are stationed near them, engaged in expounding the value of each article. Sometimes they drop this slow method of attracting their customers and adopt more aggressive means. "Pullers-in" are hired literally to pull into the booths reluctant people, and thus force them to buy. Inside the booths the customer must still be wary, so as not to be wildly overcharged, for Maxwell Street has its peculiar way of trading, a method all its own. No logical system of salesmanship is adopted, but instead, Maxwell Street dealers bid a fabulous price for their goods, which can be knocked down and reduced to one-third of the original demand.

In Maxwell Street business transactions one observes the typical shrewdness of the Jewish trader, the natural, unaffected simplicity and ingenuousness of the Russian peasant, turned naturalized American citizen, the sly, somewhat deceiving attitude of the Pole, and the indifference of the American.

There is no sign of hackneyed reserve in Maxwell Street, no effort of acquiring excessive or sufficient elegance; consequently heaps of rubbish in front of the booths are no embarrassment to both traders and customers. These piles of garbage are burnt at night, and the odor is horrible. To increase still more the utter strangeness and the contrasts of Maxwell Street atmosphere, a moving organ rings out its tunes to a gay audience, composed mainly of urchins, engaged in the burnt-offerings of the rubbish heaps.

The lights above the booths are kindled, and they lure the customers to the exhibitions. But the odor of the burnt heaps increases, and fortunate is he who can avoid the grasps of the "pullers-in" at that moment and rush out of the Ghetto business centre into the more appealing seats of the large city.

THE CASE OF BRUNO WALTER

By Jerome Lachenbuch

The best symphonic and operatic conductors in Germany to-day are almost all Jews, and the greatest of them all is Bruno Walter, who has finally consented to come to America. Years of persuasion, the lure of gold, the assurance of the best material in the world to work with could not bring him to the New World. What finally decided him to come was the imponderable wall of anti-Semitism which he continually ran against in the Jew-hating city of Munich. It was not until the anti-Semitic elements in Munich made the retention of his position as opera director incompatible with the maintenance of his self-respect that Bruno Walter laid down his baton and resignedly wended his way westward.

This great musician is far beyond the lure of money. Where nearly every musician in Germany thinks only of the possibility of an American engagement, the former conductor of the Munich opera had an ambition which he was gloriously fulfilling. That ambition was to make opera in Munich the finest in all Europe, and he succeeded. So great was Bruno Walter's reputation outside of Munich, and unofficially within it, that when he directed symphony orchestras in other cities, music-lovers crowded the doors of the hall long before they were opened. He had the drawing power of a Caruso.

Th[illegible] interesting now to speak of his ability as a conductor, for New York has probably made his acquaintance by this time. But what New York, what America may not know, is that Bruno Walter is a later day Pilgrim, who would never have come to America had not anti-Semitism dug its fangs into his artistic achievements and made it almost impossible for him to continue his great work. Like the Pilgrims of another day, he has left his artistic life behind him to begin anew in a new world. But unlike the Pilgrims, he has not fallen among Indians. He has come to friends.

In Munich Bruno Walter recreated a fast-dying opera tradition. Yet the press of that city scarcely recognized the existence of Germany's greatest operatic conductor. It knew that a certain Jew named Walter directed the opera occasionally, but never mentioned the fact (which newspapers in other cities did), that he slaved with his ensembles until they gave back, musically, what the Moscow Art Players give back dramatically. It was the insight, the energy, the patience, and above all, the musicianship of Bruno Walter that brought the finest voices in Germany to Munich, that gave to that city the flawless interpretations which brought strangers by thousands to the Munich opera.

It is not particularly important that eventually many of his greatest singers were lured from his fold by offers of American dollars; he always knew where to replace them. But what is important is that Munich owed its magnificent opera to Bruno Walter and drove him away by its silent treatment.

So silent was his recognition, so insulting the press remarks about his marvelous performances, that it may be illuminating to American Jews to read what the press said on the occasion of the first performance in Munich of "St. Matthew's Passion," under his direction. I quote from a letter of Paul Schlesinger's to a Berlin newspaper, which restates a Munich press notice.

"The performance was quite good, but only in such a measure as can be expected from a non-Aryan director."

There we have an instance of anti-Semitism on racial grounds, one of the three untenable "scientific reasons" that anti-Semites give for maintaining their creed of hate. But let me quote further from Mr. Schlesinger's letter:

"This was written and printed in a city where Herman Levi directed, the same Herman Levi whom the anti-Semite, Richard Wagner, selected to conduct the first performance of his 'Parsifal.' This was printed about the great 'St. Matthew's Passion,' which a Jew, Mendelssohn, rescued from the dust of oblivion.'"

Nevertheless, the world came to Munich to hear Bruno Walter's opera. Despite the anti-Semite propaganda, the world found him and took him to its heart. America will know how to cherish him. To paraphrase a well-known colloquialism, one may say of Bruno Walter:

"You can't keep a good Jew down!"

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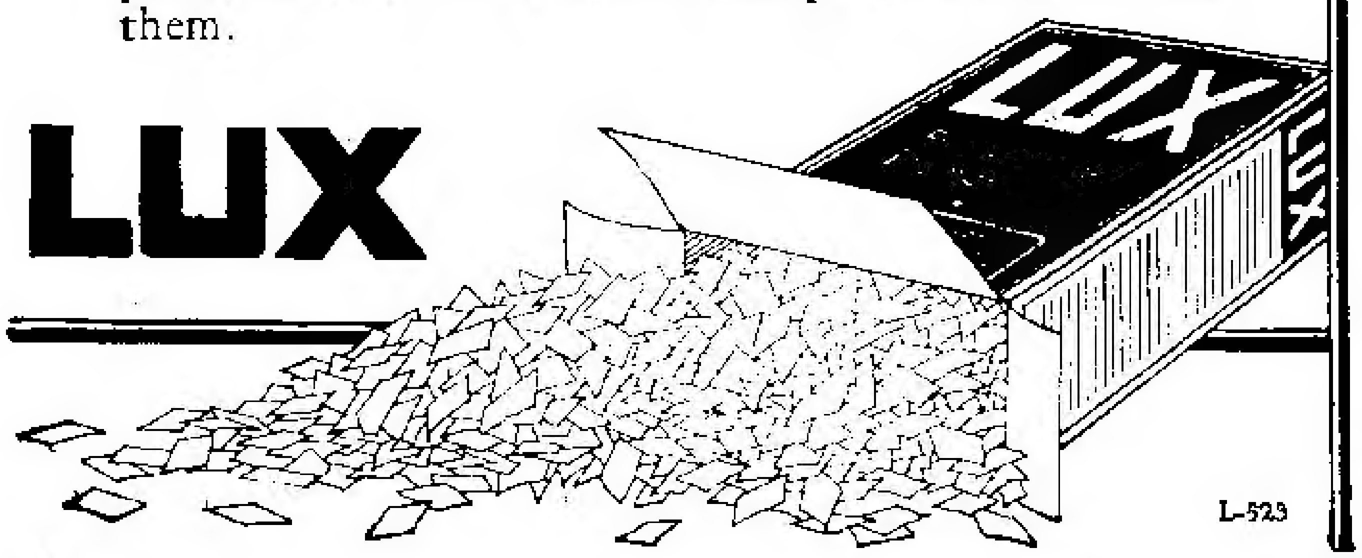

L-523

Toss Lux into very hot water and whip into lather.

Add cold water until easily bearable to the hands.

Dip repeatedly in this pure, rich lather. Do not rub.

Rinse in fresh, lukewarm water. Squeeze water gently out, without wringing.

every friday

In "The Place of Jesus in Modern Judaism," an essay in "Liberalizing Liberal Judaism," by James Waterman Wise, the author calls the attention of Liberal Judaism to the fact that it should make use of the personality and teachings of Jesus as part of the reformation it needs to-day. Of the several chapters selected for review here this is the most revolutionary. No attempt is made except to give the gist of it as part of a new and stimulating book of Jewish interest.

The present attitude of Liberal Judaism toward Jesus is to admit that he was a great teacher but not to attempt to include him within the company of those to whom the Jew may turn for spiritual guidance. Mr. Wise says that Liberal Judaism must go farther. It must rediscover what Jesus taught and what he was, why he was a great ethical and spiritual power, and which of his teachings can be of help to Jews to-day.

An attitude current among many Jews is one of refusing to admit that there is any originality in the teachings of Jesus, of thinking that he merely restated the teachings of the prophets. Mr. Wise says Jesus did this and more, contributing certain doctrines that were clearly his own. In order to get at them Liberal Jews should join with Liberal Christians to pierce the screen that theology has erected, to separate the history and teachings of Jesus from the history and teachings of organized Christianity. Then they can find out how the people can draw inspiration from the simple faith and noble personality of Jesus, "the man who went about the land doing good."

As a personality Jesus was inspiring and inspired, one to command respect and love, apart from all teaching or doctrine. There were others who "preached righteousness in the great congregation" but there is no figure in all history whose nature was so compact of sympathy, courage, kindness and of firmness with gentleness.

As a teacher Jesus made an imperishable contribution to the religious outlook of the world when he insisted that man is divine, that in man himself, in man at his best, the divine dwelt; that every man at every moment of his life had within him the potentiality of divine being. Closely connected with this was the insistence of Jesus that the individual has the right, the duty, to speak out as he is moved, to oppose his own spiritual insight and judgment against that of the world, to speak the truth as he sees it. As to the validity of what he himself taught, Jesus emphasized his own authority, apart from any vicarious or deputed power from on high (as the Jewish Encyclopaedia says), while the other prophets spoke with confidence of the truth of their message expressly on the ground that they were declaring the word of the Lord. In the teaching of Jesus is the right, the privilege of all men to be themselves, to follow their conscience in accordance with their own best judgment.

Jesus also made a strikingly original contribution to the problem of evil when, as Felix Adler points out, he taught: "Let the sufferings you endure at the hands of those who allow bad impulses free rein, lead you to expel the same bad impulses that stir potentially in your breast and prove the incentive to secure emancipation from their control." Another important teaching is that law and justice are always indispensable, but above these, though based on them, love must exalt men. Although the conception of love of God and neighbour was not new with Jesus, he did ascribe new meaning to it by emphasizing that love is always ready to renounce, sacrifice, endure.

Mr. Wise makes the unique suggestion that the Jew be the first to put these teachings into practice, for as Lessing said: "Christianity has been tried for 1,800 years, but the religion of Jesus remains to be tried." A Jew can accept and follow these teachings without being a Christian. He cannot enroll himself as a follower of Jesus, however, because the teachings of Jesus are not the last word. Even though the Old and the New Testaments supplement and complement each other, they cannot determine the spiritual outlook of the Jew to-day because there are still other teachings of which he may avail himself, such as those of Epictetus, for example. But Liberal Judaism must see the duty of using whatever may be helpful to the individual Jew; then it will no longer countenance the regrettable estrangement between the man Jesus and his people.

* * *

Rivka says: "The chief difference between a diplomat and a hypocrite is that the diplomat is the one you like."

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Rahel Varnhagen—True to Her Faith

By MISS A. ADLER

Rahel possessed the characteristics that distinguish great minds among her people: a deep longing for directness of life in sunshine and splendour, in fervour and passion, and an equally deep longing for the calm of the desert, there to meditate on life, its paths and its goal. The intellectual energy that oppression had checked in its outward tendency had in Rahel—as in the foremost of her people—turned inwards. Rahel, through her independence of thought and her passion for liberty, was far in advance of the women of her time—Jewish as well as German. But viewed in connection with the whole development Rahel is typical of the great movement which is still taking place—that movement which seeks to evolve the completely human personality from the feminine creature of her sex.—("Rahel Varnhagen."—Ellen Key.)

On a day of dancing spring sunshine, at the end of the eighteenth century, Count Karl von Finckenstein walked along the streets of Berlin thinking disjointedly of many things. He had started out with his mind concentrated longingly on the young woman to whom he was going to be married, and whom he was now about to visit. Soon he would be fondling her hands and her hair, soon he would be listening to her talk, so rapid and strange and different from any other talk on earth, as though one were in a different world altogether; anything was possible when one heard it in the music of Rahel's voice. A servant girl in a muslin cap with a basket on her arm passed by and gave him a lingering sidelong glance. A pretty little baggage! The prettier they were, the more they smiled at him. Not very astonishing, of course. He glanced at himself in the window of a confectioner's shop; a tall figure in a blue coat and high white stock, his fair hair falling to the shoulders below the three-cornered black hat. No, it was not to be wondered at that the girls smiled as he passed. Some lines from Sophocles which he had been reading the night before ran through his head:

"Love, never foiled in fight!
Warrior Love, that on Wealth
  worketh havoc!
Love, who in ambush of young
  maid's soft cheek
All night keepeth watch!"

Rahel would like those lines. He wished that he had brought the book with him, so as to read "Antigone" to her. He must bring it next time. To-day they probably would read "Hermann and Dorothea" together; every new work by Geheimrat von Goethe was as a heaven-sent gift to Rahel. When she read aloud to him from this idolized poet she would glow and vibrate as from some inner source of light. He remembered how on one such occasion he had had the queer fancy that the poetry was being created afresh by the passion of her understanding.

Two French officers came down the street, and Count Karl von Finckenstein was forced to step aside to let them pass. Those damned Frenchmen, with their cursed insolence—they and their Bonaparte! He thought of the Congress of Rastadt, which he was attending in company with the Prussian representatives, and of how Bonaparte's personality dominated the entire proceedings; he was sick at heart at the intrigues and attempts at separate treaties of the petty German princes, and, after all, the sole result was that the smaller states were being swept away and that the French were getting all that they wanted. Well, he could not alter things, and th[illegible] miserable and spoiling this precious fortnight. How he had missed Berlin! It was a short holiday, but he would enjoy every moment of it; plenty of theaters and plenty of parties and Rahel. Yes, especially Rahel! Queer how important that girl was to him, especially considering that she was a Jewess. He remembered how, before ever he went to Rastadt, she had offered to free him from their engagement, and how, after some hesitation, he had gone to her again and begged her to marry him in spite of everything. Indeed, he could not bear to live without her. She gave him something that no one else could give; he made an effort to decide what that something was exactly, but felt that he could not define it further than as a vague awareness that she made him in love, not only with her, but with life itself. What a pity that his sisters were so antagonistic! She couldn't help being a Jewess! Anyway, it was he who was going to marry her—but still—

He turned into the street which led to her house and, looking up at her white muslin curtains with flower pots outlined behind them, quickened his footsteps. He mounted the stairs so hurriedly that he was out of breath when he reached her room.

"Karl!" Both her hands were held out to him, and he lifted and kissed them one after the other, before he stooped to her mouth.

"Rahel! I have come earlier than I promised, have I not?"

"Does it seem so to you?"

"Impatient one!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "To me there is no measure of time in your absence. I watched for you from the window, but I only saw some French officers passing below. Oh, Karl, they make me so unhappy! When will our dear country be free?"

"Forget them now, my love. Come, sit here by me."

They sat on the sofa side by side, and he fondled her hair, piled in dark curls on her head. "My sweet Rahel! Have you longed for my coming?"

She sighed and he continued: "I have had a busy morning. There were letters from home to go through, dealing with the business of my estate."

"Tell me about it."

He told her, marveling as always at her quick grasp of affairs and at the sensible advice which she gave him.

"How is it, Rahel, that you understand these things so well? Women don't usually understand the details of business."

"It does not seem very difficult to me. Men like to make a mystery of their own affairs, but they never seem to me very mysterious or complicated once they are explained. It is only one more side of life."

"What a man of affairs you would have made!"

"Why not? I hope that I should have been capable of dealing with these things."

"Yes, Rahel, I am sure you would, because your nature is exceptional. But most women have not the mentality for that."

"My darling Karl! How can you say so? Is it really your own experience that women are stupid and incapable? Men say that often, but surely not if they reflect."

"Not stupid, my dearest. Full of exquisite sensibility, indeed, but made, after all, to be subordinate to men."

"I wonder! Do you know, Karl, that I sometimes think that we are not so very different from you. Otherwise women would all find permanent peace when they have a husband and children, but they do not. You know that many women continue to be restless and unsatisfied even when they are married. I believe that this great difference between men and women is exaggerated."

He looked into her earnest eyes and laughed. Strange doctrine, but she was a delicious little person and therefore permitted to express her wild ideas; indeed, they were part of her charm. But still—

"Restless Rahel!"

She shrank away from him. "I was speaking in general, not of myself."

"Now I have hurt you." What a sensitive creature she was— she like a man, indeed! He drew her towards him, and she leaned her head upon his breast. "Exquisite Rahel!" he murmured.

"An exquisite sensibility," she replied, mocking him. "Karl, you think it is because I am a woman, but it may be the over-sensitiveness of my race. It is almost a disease with Jews."

If only she would not drag that in! Bad enough to have it in one's consciousness, without having it sounded in words which one could not pretend not to have heard. "Don't spoil a lovely moment, my Rahel."

"Spoil? Spoil! Karl, what do you mean?" She had drawn herself away, out of his arms. He was almost afraid of her eyes.

"My dearest child, be sensible. I meant nothing. Come back."

She had risen and was standing before him; her breasts rose and fell rapidly, clearly outlined in her high-waisted long blue dress. "How have I spoiled the moment? Please explain."

"Nothing."

"Please, Karl. Was it my allusion to my race?"

Confound it! Why did she make such a fuss? And look so adorable at the same time? What fire burned in her!"

She tapped her sandaled foot on the floor. "I beg you, Karl, answer me."

He looked away from her and stared at a silhouette of an old man in an oval frame hanging on the opposite wall. "Well, perhaps, it is a pity to drag in the fact."

"But it is the truth. Are you afraid to face my Jewishness?"

"Rahel, you are insulting me." He rose, his arms aching to hold her, but she escaped him and began walking rapidly up and down the room.

"No, Karl, I am not insulting you. I am only saying what is true. This horror—has been in you for a long, long time, perhaps, since the very beginning. You can't deny that you wish that I were not a Jewess."

He moistened his lips. "Why do you torment me like this, Rahel?"

"I think you are tormenting yourself, my dear. I am only trying to make you face the truth."

"Do you doubt that I love you?"

"Not for a moment, Karl. Could I have given you all my friendship and all my love as I have done if I had doubted that? But you are aware of this—difference, and it disturbs you."

"Be fair to me, Rahel. I do not think of it. Even when my sisters say—"

"Your sisters, your sisters! Oh, what have they to do with us? If you are afraid of them, in God's name make an end of it all."

He crossed the room and leaned against the open spinet, looking at her. "Rahel, think what you are saying."

"I am thinking. I have said this before, haven't I, nearly two years ago? You remember that I offered to set you free once before, and that you came back to me?"

How splendid she was in her anger! He moved toward her and tried again to take her in his arms, but she went back to the sofa, sat down and leaned forward, her long fingers locked round her knees.

"No, don't touch me. I want us to understand each other."

"What is there to understand? I want to hold you. I love you."

"That is not love, Karl."

"It is part of it."

"But so slight a part. Forget now that I am a woman. Think of me as a friend—a comrade."

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"How can I think of you as only that?"

"Why not? The great men of this earth do without question; Goethe, for example."

"Goethe? He has women friends besides Christiane Vulpius."

She frowned. "It is true. Because his mistress does not satisfy him intellectually. Can you conceive that he might be married to one of those friends of his and be quite content?"

"But what has all this to do with us? I do not understand you to-day."

"I think, my friend, that you have never understood me quite, and that you never will."

Really she was becoming absurd; she needed a lesson. "Perhaps you are too complicated for any man to understand. It is a pity that you are not a little more like other women, Rahel."

Now she would flare again into one of her adorable rages. But she did not. She answered him very quietly. "It is true that I am complicated, but there are other women like me, and, since God has made us, there must be men to understand us, too—no, don't speak. Listen. If you loved me as I—as you ought to love me, this conversation would be impossible. It is quite clear that there could never be perfect union between us. To love me because I am a woman is not enough. I have a mind and I am a human being, and that you do not understand."

"But I do love your mind. You are unjust. I would rather talk to you than to anyone else I know."

"And still you can despise my Jewishness? Don't you see yourself that it is all impossible? This is the end, Karl."

Her voice was so low that he was not sure whether he had heard aright, and asked her to repeat what she had said. There was a moment's silence between them, and then he went to her, knelt down and laid his head on her lap. "Rahel, I can't give you up."

"You have done so already. It is finished."

"No—no—no!" He felt the touch of her hand on his hair and clung to her like a child. "Rahel, forget all this. What does it matter that you are a Jewess? I don't care. Let my sisters say what they like."

"Be still, Karl. You will forget me in time. It will be easier for you so, my beloved."

It was impossible that she could mean what she said. He pleaded with her, clung to her, kissed, implored. But still she had only one answer: "You will be happier without me. It is better that you should be free." And at last it was she who begged him to rise and leave her: "Please, please go. I am very tired, Karl."

"Rahel, I can't. We can't end it so. It is not possible. You didn't mean all this. You know you didn't mean it."

"Every word. Please go."

He stumbled to his feet. "You will change your mind, dearest. Write to me, send for me."

"There is nothing more to write about."

"You will let me go like this? Have you no heart?"

It was as though he had rekindled a dying fire. She cried wildly: "I no heart? You know me and ask that?"

What a brute he was and how he was hurting her! "Then don't send me away, child. I can see you are suffering."

"Yes. God will help me. Oh, Karl, go."

Should he leave her, or should he seize her and blot out all this that had happened? Almost mechanically he went to the door. Was she crying? If so, he would go back to her. He turned round. But Rahel was not crying. She was leaning back, very still, and her hand was over her eyes. He hesitated. Ah, well, what was the good? After all, it was she who had sent him away, and his sisters would be very glad. He shrugged his shoulders slightly, opened the door and went out.

Shamai Ratman

From the Yiddish of J. L. Peretz

You know Shamai Ratman, of course?

Just imagine. I met him in the street yesterday.

"Shamai," I called out. He did not hear. I waved my hand. He did not see. He stood like a clay image, with open, staring eyes. I caught hold of him by the shoulder.

"God be with you, Shamai!"

He awoke as from sleep.

"A new idea," he smiled.

A wonderful thing, the new idea. It is like a creature come to birth.

A man like all men—a man who is driven about, who is very often in need of money for all sorts of things—money to live by, money for his rent, money for school fees, along with other moneys—such a man suddenly stops dead in the middle of the street, like a clay image. His mouth is open, his ears are open, yet he hears nothing. He does not see nor feel.

What is it? Something has taken place in his brain. In a dark, hidden corner there spins and weaves itself out a new idea.

And it spins and weaves itself out involuntarily, and, for the most part, not for his benefit. . . . . .

I know a lot, a lot of people whom ideas have spoilt. . . . .

Reuben thought and thought until he evolved a new scheme, which he put into operation with his own and other people's money. . . . .

On one occasion, Simeon was lost in thought. Abstractedly he said something. And since that time, he is hunted and driven about on all sides. Stones are cast at him in the streets. . . .

Levi lost his reason altogether, and if it were not for his wife who never takes her eyes off him, he would have been hanging in some garret long ago.

Judah, although he is molested by no one, runs about in the streets like mad, shouting for help, ever since he hit upon a wonderful idea. . . . .

And Zebulun—you surely know him too—since he fell on his head and has taken a dislike to his wife and does not recognize his own children. He neither eats nor drinks, and goes about cold and naked. And what does he want? Go and ask him.

All the same, I have very strong leanings towards new ideas. Who knows? Amongst chaff one may also find a few grains of wheat. And amongst millions of new ideas, one may find one real idea. . . . . .

And if one finds a real idea, who can estimate the amount of good or ill which it may bring with it?

It may be a flash which will disappear on the instant. . . . . Many scores of blind hens will know nothing of it, and deny its existence, stock and stone. Or it may be a thunderstorm. And a thunderstorm is, after all, no trifle. It can strike in the sands of the steppes, and turn up a glass tube; into the sea, and strike out a light. But it may also strike a house, and create, God knows what sort of a conflagration. . . . Before the fire brigade has arrived, the town may be burned down, until no stone remains on a stone. . . . .

God in heaven! A new idea may solve all the desperate problems which squeeze the brains out of one's head—solve all the riddles which bore our brains as with bores. Who knows?

And he, Shamai Ratman, stands before me, and smiles. A new idea!

I took hold of him by the lapel of his coat.

"Speak!"

"Here, in the middle of the street?"

I thanked God that we were not far from a restaurant.

After several mouthfuls of tea, I knew what was afoot.

The world was not going to be overturned, nor burned up. There was not even going to be a storm to drive the dust of the street into one's eyes. . . . .

Shamai Ratman wants to create a new society.

Well, that also is good.

"Put me down as a member."

"So soon?" he wondered. "You do not even know what the objects of the society are going to be."

"It's all one," I said. "We want new societies. Bad, good, foolish, wise, so long as they are societies, so long as things are not dead. Let there be movement. . . . And now tell me what you want."

"I want to create a society of thinkers," he said.

"Thinkers?"

"Yes, plainly, thinkers. . . . ."

"What for?"

"Listen. . . . . But, I must first give you a whole introduction."

"Better again. I love introductions as my life. At any rate, more than the books themselves. . . . . Introductions are more rarely successful. . . ."

"You are making fun of me," and Ratman was silent.

"And you are afraid of ridicule? You, a man of new ideas? You should be prepared for stones, for fists, for fire and water. . . . ."

"All these," said Ratman, "do no harm. They are, of course, only the leaven on which new ideas thrive. But ridicule stings like needles. It can frighten a man who is prepared for the auto da fé. . . . ."

"No more, then. I am now silent. Speak."

And Ratman spoke.

Ratman had noticed that we love everything excepting to think.

"What do you mean?"

"Quite simply that we are lazy, terribly lazy. To lie on the fresh grass, chasing the clouds in the sky— —"

"Or," I interposed, "eating and drinking."

"Eat!" said Ratman. "As time goes on, we have less and less to eat and drink. We are satisfied with saying grace after meat, just as if we had eaten, and just as if we had drunk. But there is no shortage of clouds in the sky. And all may look at them.

"So we lie and look at them. Some people pretend to be studying astronomy, and count the stars, one, two, three, as far as each can go.

"When a storm arises, we jump to our feet. At such a time we are prepared—to run away. . . . ."

"Where to?"

"Where you will. Right, left, forwards, backwards, so long as there is someone to show the road—the first guide—the he-goat.

"We can run, we can, even with our swollen feet. It is all one where we run, so long as two conditions are fulfilled. In the first place, there must be a he-goat. He must not stop to ask us where we are going. We hate to have to consider such a thing. Thinking is poison.

"In every misfortune, in every bad time, we look about us to see if there is a guide for us, whether of fire or of cloud, but a guide which will go on before us, and show us the road.

"A Moses rises up, and we leave our fleshpots and our onions in Egypt, and follow him into the desert. In the middle of our journey we wish to make another man our leader and return to the land of Goshen. . . . .

"Moses delays on Mount Sinai. Our wives have gold ornaments. Hand them over. There will be a golden calf."

A drink of tea, and Ratman spoke further.

"People say that times change. It is not true. The same hatred of thinking, of considering, of reflecting. We are as lazy as we have always been.

"We love falsehood, not only because it is dressed up for us, perfumed and pomaded, but because it is positive. It speaks with assurance on every subject. The liar tells us everything with as much certainty as if he himself had witdessed it. An altar before the Lord? Good! We slaughter calves. An altar for Moloch? Better again. We are not short of children to burn. Only say positivdely what you want. Do not think; and do not ask others to think.

"We would support the truth also. Of course the truth must first cut its nails, so that it may not scratch our eyes out when it is talking. Let it not go about the streets naked and barefoot and make friends with tailors and shoemakers. Another thing. What do we live in? In straw-covered wooden houses. And even if we live in stone houses, they are old and dried up. Let the truth not go about with a blazing torch in his naked hand. . . . A little candle in a big lantern is safer. . . . . Coloured glasses are still better and more beautiful. It is not the truth which is dangerous. . . Whether the sun revolves around the earth or vice versa, it is all one to the rabbi and his wife. But, as has been said, so let it be. Why think otherwise?

"Questions, problems, riddles, brain-rackings—these are hated by the rabbi and his congregation. . . . ."

"Why, have you caught on to the rabbi and his congregation?"

"And who is better? Every man, even the finest of the best, leaves out a part of his brain as a sort of Holy of Holies. There he neither allows himself nor anyone else to enter. There one may not plough, nor sow, nor touch the old wild thorn which grows and grows, as on yeast. . . . .

"Bad times. . . . . Women are emancipating themselves and do not wish to give up their earrings for the making of golden calves. The prophets have died, one by one. Professor Falb succeeds only once out of a hundred times. Angels do not show themselves. Since the brush has driven the broom out of the house the witches have nothing to ride on. Casting lots is out of fashion. It is suited only to the young school girl to tear the petals off flowers. 'He loves me, he loves me not.' Or, a school boy may do the same with the buttons of his jacket. But these are sentimental things, and only for young folks. Amongst adult, and for instance in connection with social problems, these means of finding out the truth prevail no longer.

"What is to be done? To use one's brains is undesirable. So we have found new methods of witchcraft—new ways of casting lots. . . . . We call them 'Rules and Conventions.' Ringing words!

"Anything you like, so long as thinking is not necessary.

"Every rule, every convention, every ringing word is a magnet which draws to itself souls as if they were steel dust.

"The little souls of dust which cling to the magnet are called a circle, a society, a party.

"The convention is a good thing and how useful is the ringing word. Your window has been smashed, and the cry of hungry wolves tears into your house and will not let you sleep; then take hold of an 'ism,' a ringing 'ism,' fill the empty spaces of the window with it, and you will sleep peacefully once more.

"A worm with a little copper face has made its way into your ear. From your ear it has stolen into your brain, and it gnaws and gnaws at you, to drive you crazy. You take hold of a convention and start shouting some formal phrase, for example: 'The Watch on the Rhine—the Watch on the Rhine.'

"Singing is better than shouting. You need not even be a German. Just shout and sing, and the little worm will go to sleep.

"If you have not enough material in your head from which to weave a whole system, it is a mere trifling defect. Make big holes and fill them out with conventions, with ringing words, and you are a complete philosopher. You understand heaven and earth. Your own life—most certainly. . . . .

"Then what is it you want?"

"I want," said Ratman, "I would people to know that they should not pluck out their healthy eyes and insert in their places pieces of coloured glass. I wish that people would not stuff their hearts and brains with ringing words and phrases. I want everyone to think."

"And your new idea?"

"My new idea is really to establish a society without 'isms,' without pieces of coloured glass. . . . . .

"A society of people who would not be ashamed to go about in the streets

Social Life about 25 Years Ago— Do You Remember?—

Mark Workman of Montreal was laid up with an attack of rheumatism. The Hebrew Young Ladies' Sewing Society held their fifth annual dance with Miss Samuel, convener, and committee members, Misses Levine, Ray Tannenbaum, Hart, Bessie Levinson and Annie Samuel, Silverman and Saxe. S. Jacobs was floor manager. Proceeds $115. An illuminated address was presented to Sam Roman by Shaar Hashomayim Congregation. Miss Pauline Boas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Boas, was married to Melvin H. Davis at the bride's home, 304 Peel Street. The bridal pair stood under a bower of roses surmounted by a wedding Bell. An Italian orchestra of stringed instruments played. Speakers were: Feodor Boas and the bride's father, among others. Mrs. Charles Stern, of Toronto, was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Maxwell Goldstein. Dr. Lauterman, on his way to Detroit, stopped in Toronto for the Jewish Literary ball. Joseph Levinson moved from Quebec to Montreal. Mrs. Hyman and daughter, Muriel, visited the former's sister, Mrs. Moses Vineberg, Bishop Street. At a brith millah celebration at the home of Phillip Glickman, Rabbi Kaplan made an appeal for Jews of South Russia who were suffering from famine. The death occurred after an illness of a few days, of Jennie Irene, a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Michaels. At a meeting of the Montefiore Club, Rabbi Kaplan read a paper on "The Merchant of Venice," and there was a literary symposium on "The Most Helpful Invention of the Nineteenth Century." Miss Gertrude Veld's pupils gave a dramatic recital. Clarence I. de Sola left for England in connection with the building of several steel vessels. The funeral of Charles Morris, who died in St. Louis, Mo., took place from the home of his brother-in-law, E. Lichtenheim. He was forty, and the son of James Morris, of Montreal, who predeceased him. His mother survived him.

* * *

Mrs. A. Lazarus and daughter, Rica, of Toronto, sailed for England. Mrs. Maurice Frankel received a number of guests prior to her departure for six months in Europe. Among those taking part in a programme of the Literary, were Misses Bertha Streamer, Fanny Gurofsky, S. Raytime, Max Singer, M. J. Singer and Sol Frankel.

with notes of interrogation on their foreheads, who would not try to persuade themselves and others in to believing that they must know everything, that they do know everything. . . . . that they can cure diseases. . . . .

"What would be the work of the society?"

"The society would think, study. It would try to know everything, to fathom everything. . . . .

"A member of such a society, on hearing a ringing word would ask himself and others: 'What does it mean? What does it betoken? If it betokens anything, has it a positive hypothesis, and can we build anything on it?'

"A member of this society when he hears a phrase would ask himself and others: 'Of what does it consist? What is its charm? How does it attract?'

"And if be sees that it is an illusion, a mere superstition, he stops, and shows, to right and to left, that it is a falsehood."

Ratman grew heated.

"Every member of this society would be bound in duty to fight against every swindle, every dream, every empty word. . . . ."

"And in the places of the dreams and empty words?"

"The society would issue new ideas."

In a word, Ratman wished to establish a factory of new ideas. . . . .

Every manufactory needs the material out of which it makes something. Where would Ratman get his raw material?

And while I was listening to his talk I imagined I saw a wonderful picture in the air.

A wildly raging sea—a ship is in danger one wave dashes it to the other. Not far off are rocks and shoals. The ship may so easily dash against them and be shattered. And the sky grows darker and darker. The last stars disappear. The people see one another only by the flashes of lightning. . . . . And a clap of thunder follows upon every flash of lighning. . . . .

And it is not only the crew who are trying to save the ship. All the passengers help. . . . . Little groups of terrified, nerve-racked people are banded together. And in the middle of each group there is a separate leader who gives different directions. And the people obey and work with their last strength. And when they grow tired, the leaders shout out several loud-sounding, passionate, ringing words. And the people grow excited and acquire new strength, and work again and again. . . . .

But one man tears himself away from his group and says:

"We are working senselessly, without knowledge. We are acting only in and through the ringing words, 'isms' and 'isms.'

"We must think!"

And be turns away his head. The ship creaks. The thunder rattles and rattles. People are working with their last strength. And he! He thinks!

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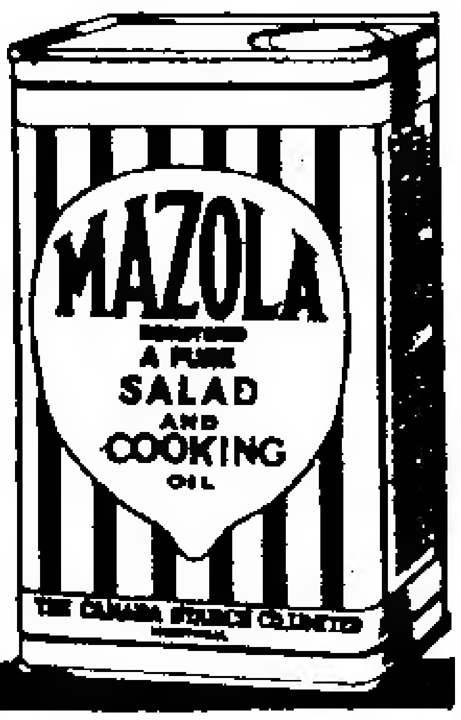

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A Common Story

By SHOLEM ASCH

Voegele, after the manner of young girls the world over, was fond of "dressing up" and adorning herself to the best advantage.

On work days there is little time for such maiden folly. There is plenty of work to be done—unbeshreie!—and girls must do their sewing. Rent is sinfully high and times are bad. Her father earned very little and there was a good deal lacking yet of the three hundred rubles she tried to lay up for a befitting dowry. Besides, when money in the house was scarce her mother would make petty inroads upon her hoard to pay for holiday making on Shabbas.

This thought was often flitting through Voegele's brain: "Wooers there are enough—like dogs in the street—but every dog wants a meaty bone." For all that she didn't worry much why she —a young girl like her—and good-looking—this she could not help admitting in all modesty as she stood before the mirror, where a pleasant girlish face, rosy-cheeked, in a frame of lustrous, loose-flowing black hair, smiled back at her. She would have liked to stand before the mirror for hours had it not been for her fear to beshrei herself.

On Shabbas, to be sure, there is time aplenty for "dressing up," and she can scarcely tear herself away from her image in the mirror. "Enough of this, Voegele!" her mother upbraids her. "Have done with thy finery; thou art good-looking enough without all this foolery!" But what do old women know? They may well go without. Modish millinery and new jackets are not meant for them.

But a maiden knows better than to leave the house without first getting into her Shabbas best—for "he" is waiting on a park bench to see her pass—he, Elieser, and his friends, ready and waiting for a chance to ogle her. He fancies himself unobserved, looks at her aslant from out of the corners of his eyes, and nudges his colleague: There now—do you see—a bit of all right, eh? And she Voegele, makes naught of them—passes by, coldly indifferent. "Let them stare after me—drown themselves—what of it?"

Dost mind thee, Voegele, dear, how heartsore thou wert when once he did not look your way, but stared at Malkah in her newly-bought finery that becomes her like a veil on a collie dog. He eyed her for a long time, but in the goodness of thy heart thou givest him another chance by repassing his bench, ignorant, to all appearances, of his presence, casting a stealthy glance behind thee—how heartsore thou wert to see him still intent upon her, with her face aglow with pleasure—how valiantly didst thou repress thy tears when he nudged his friend: "Did you notice?"

To be sure, when he became aware of thy presence at last, Malkah disappeared into nothingness. Forthwith he rose from his bench, dragging his friend with him in thy trail—both following you like shadows. Once they passed with a decorous "Good Shabbas." A slight nod was all they got for their pains. And secretly thou didst rejoice. "If I turn into another alley they'll follow just the same." Sweet balm upon thy wounded vanity! Heedless of him and his friend, with firm step, head erect and eyes disowning thy secret, thou passedst on, with "him" and his friend in thy wake, and thou knowest—sweet thought to think—that he would follow you into the wilderness; yea, if need be, to the end of the world!

Once, after many such passages, on a Shabbas evening Voegele went to the park with a girl friend of hers. She turned into a dark lane, with "him" in hot pursuit. The girls sat down on a park bench almost hidden from sight by a leafy tree—and he took his seat on the same bench, snuggling away in a corner, with the entire length of the bench between him and the girls.

The night drew near, and a fine wilderness of leafy boughs overhead sheltered these three children of men, in a sweet-smelling darkness, hiding them in obscurity from the looks and speeches of the world without.

A slight evening breeze brought delicious coolness. Voegele and Elieser both thought that it was good to be alive and young. Their hearts beat wildly in the darkness, both thinking: who will speak first!

He gave a modest cough, to make his presence known. It meant: I am here! She tried to look blankly unconscious of his presence—to look her unconcern.

A moment's silence that seemed an eternity. The evening breeze, so it seemed to them, began to tell their heart's desire in an ironical whisper to all the world.

"Pray, do you know what time it is?"

"No, I don't!" Meaning to say: "I know what's the time of day with thee, my lad, but easy; not so fast!" Her chum nudged her: didst see? She resented this a little—there was really no call for meddling—she meant to rise from her seat, but fascination held her spellbound.

"A fine evening, is it not?" "To be sure, a fine evening." Small talk about to break through frozen conventions? The two young folks bandied questions and answers, first slyly and with hearts beating out of time, then easily and freely, drawing nearer to each other on the bench, and feeling more at home.

When she arose to go home—which the weather mercifully helped to make none too early—he saw her down the lane. They shook hands.

They met for a second, for a third time, and their youth was the magnet that drew them together. Thenceforward—through those chances—not altogether blind chance, perhaps—that throw lovers together—they met at the house of friends—in company yhat became more and more distasteful to them, as they felt, more and more, that they ought to meet where third parties could not meddle. In the end they secretly agreed to meet alone.

They met beyond the borders of the town and walked towards the woods, in that silence that is more eloquent than words.

Sundown and golden radiance upon the corn fields to the right and left of their happy road. A happy road, and a long road, with a breeze fanning their foreheads—a breeze whispering their secret to the harvest.

Nightfall and darkness—but no gloom went with the darkness. It only veiled the joy of their young hearts.

"It's been my heart's desire these many months, Voegele, to know thee!"

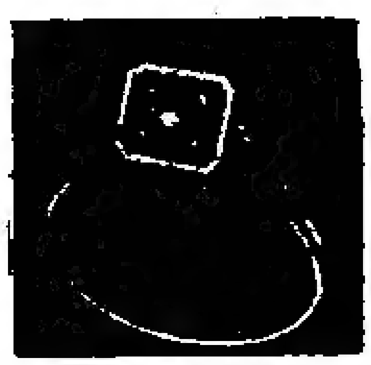
"I know. Thou followedst my trail like a shadow." They were silent.

"A penny for thy thoughts, Voegele!"

"Nay; for thine!"

And suddenly, in a transport of affectionate confidence, they began to talk, talk, talk—of many things, eagerly, familiarly, world without end. The darkness of the night descended upon them, veil upon veil. Under this sacred cover they drew nearer together—a tremour went through her body as they touched hands—joined hands under cover of the night's darkness. He [illegible] over in tremulous boldness and kissed her. A bird passed them fluttering overhead, as if in fright at this daring. She released her hand, shivered slightly and stiffened momentarily as if in [illegible]

Continued on page 18



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TORONTO SOCIAL

All Society Items and other local notes should be communicated to the office of the Review by 5 o'clock each Tuesday afternoon. Telephones Elgin 1436-1437.

Mrs. S. Lorie and Miss Lily Lorie, Clarendon Avenue, left Thursday to spend the summer at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mrs. Harry Marks and family, Walmer Road, are summering at Riviere du Loup.

Mrs. Sigmund Lubelsky and daughters, Misses Mildred and Helen, Russell Hill Road, are summering at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mrs. Edward Cohen, with her children of New York, is spending the summer with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Singer, Lake Shore, Ward's Island.

Mrs. A. Rosenthal and family, Russell Hill Road, are leaving Saturday for Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Fremes, Lauder Avenue, are at their summer home in Ward's Island.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Singer and daughter, Wells Hill Avenue, are spending a few days in Montreal before going on to Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Dr. Minnie Singer, Kendal Avenue, spent the week-end with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Singer, at Lake Shore, Ward's Island.

Mrs. L. Goldstein, Argyle Street, spent a few days in Detroit last week.

Miss Frances Stein, Queen Street West, spent the week-end with Miss Dellie Ross, at Belle Ewart.

Mrs. L. Goldstein entertained Monday afternoon at a birthday party in honour of her daughter, Muriel (Bobbie), on her fourth birthday. The children met at the home of the hostess and were then taken to High Park. Each child was presented with a souvenir. The children at Whitby Camp enjoyed a treat in Bobbie's honour.

Mrs. S. Greenfarb, of Los Angeles, returned home on Tuesday after visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Wolman, Ossington Avenue.

Mrs. H. Wolfe, Hilton Avenue, has left to spend three weeks in Detroit and Mount Clemens.

Mrs. J. Landsberg and son, of Los Angeles, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Glassman, Markham Street.

Among those who entertained for Mrs. A. Davis (nee Pearl Levy), of Montreal, were: Miss Leola Lerner, dinner; Miss Frances Wilson, bridge; Mrs. S. Baker, dinner; Mrs. I. Cohen, tea; and Mrs. L. Goldstein, theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Diener and children, of New York, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Cohen, Gorevale Avenue.

Abie Kotzer was the guest of Benny Manson at Tent City over the week-end.

The Alpha Gamma Phi Sorority held a picnic at Bond Lake on Sunday.

Among the guests stopping with Mr. and Mrs. M. Alspector at the Lakeside House are: Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Wagman, Mrs. Sommerstein, Mrs. Englander, Mr. and Mrs. Dubrose, Mrs. Rafelman, Mrs. Winsten, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Glucksberg, Mr. Goldstein, Mr. Davis, Mr. Eckler, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Himelstein, Mrs. Stern, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Ludwig, Misses Bloom, Mrs. Berks, Mrs. Till, Mrs. Krehm, Mrs. Lovitz, Mrs Stock, Misses Lipsett, Novack, Ceibleman, Winick, Sommerstein, Mrs. Solway, Mrs. Gordon.

Miss Mae Stein, Queen Street West, left Friday for a trip to Old Orchard Beach, Maine, and Boston, Mass.

Miss Adele Rothbart, Indian Road, is leaving Friday for Old Orchard Beach, Maine, where she will be the guest of Miss Rose Daniels.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Globerman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Soren and Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Granovsky motored to Jackson's Point over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Copeland, Queen Street East, are summering at Long Branch.

Mrs. H. Steinhart and sons, Euclid Avenue, are at their summer home in Jackson's Point.

Mrs. I. Levinsky is having a visit with her mother, Mrs. J. M. Pullan, at Belle Ewart, Ont.

Mrs. Norman Helpert, Austin Terrace, entertained at a luncheon and theatre on Wednesday and Mrs. Charles M. Pritzker, Munro Park Avenue, gave a luncheon and theatre on Tuesday in honour of Mrs. S. M. Kaufman, of New York.

Mrs. M. L. Levy and children, Normanna Avenue, are summering at Burlington Beach. Mr. Levy returned home on Wednesday after spending two weeks in Hamilton and Burlington Beach.

Mrs. D. Wolpaw, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Abramson, at Centre Island.

Michal Stein, Regal Road, has left for a trip to Florida.

Mrs. B. Goldenberg and son, George, of Cleveland, Ohio, are spending a few weeks with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Yasny, Crawford Street.

Misses Rose Schlosberg and Shirley Strom are spending their vacation at Walled Lake, Mich.

Miss Ida Pullan, nurse-in-training at Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pullan, of Beverley Street, at their summer home in Belle Ewart, and has with her Miss Rose Richter, of Ottawa, who is also in training at the Mount Sinai Hospital. Miss Richter will spend the remainder of her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Richter, of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Lavene and daughter, Bernice, Normanna Avenue, have left for Beaverton, Ont.

Mrs. A. J. Levitt and children, Lauder Avenue, are at Crystal Beach for ten days.

Miss Shirley Jacobs, Portland Street, is spending two weeks at Port Carling, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Abramson, Beverley Street, are summering at Centre Island.

Miss Susan Shapiro, of New York, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Mitchell, of Westmount Avenue.

Miss Sara Ram, of Montreal, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Broudy, Lauder Avenue, for the summer.

Mrs. D. P. Rockmaker, Bloor Street West, gave a handkerchief shower on Wednesday evening in honour of Miss Sue Asner, a bride of next month.

Jack Eckler, Brunswick Avenue, is spending his vacation at the Lakeside House, Jackson's Point.

Sidney Shapiro is visiting his aunt, Mrs. D. Levinne, at Belle Ewart.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Kaplan and family, Westmount Avenue, are summering at Long Branch.

The Beatrix Circle entertained the children of the Jewish Children's Home at a picnic on Thursday at the summer home of the Adelaide Girls at Riverside.

Mrs. R. Isenberg and daughters, Misses Mildred and Leah, of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mrs. A. Fox, 90 Brunswick Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Paulin, Kingston Road, have as their guest their cousin, Miss Emma Pearlstein, of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Miss Ina Gillman, of Cleveland, Ohio, is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jasny, Crawford Street

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rivkin and family, Vanauley Street, are summering at Long Branch.

Sam Sapera, Harris Cohen and D. P. Rockmaker were on a fishing trip to Limberlost Lodge, Lakes Bay, over the week-end.

Daniel J. Lewis, of Detroit, was the guest of H. Myron Marshack, Grenadier Road, over the week-end.

Mrs. Harold Kaplan, Lansdowne Apartments, is at their summer home in Jackson's Point.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Pritz, of New York, Miss Eleanor Zoob and Theodore Zoob, of New York, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Enushevsky, Beverley Street, have returned home.

Lee Dusansky has returned to St. Paul, Minn., after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Yasny, Crawford Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Cohen and son, Austin Terrace, have left for Beaverton, Ont.

Mrs. M. J. Seigel, Huron Street, entertained at a bridge and linen shower, at the Carls-Rite Hotel, in honour of Miss Sue Asner, a bride of next month. The prize-winners were Misses Lillian Roth, Sally Alexander, Gertrude Jackson and Eva Rosenthal, consolation. The hostess was assisted by Miss Leah Lerner.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin J. Levitt have returned home after visiting Montreal, New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia and other points of the United States. They will live at the Sherbourne Apartments.

Miss Jean Moskowitz entertained a number of friends on Sunday last at their summer home in Long Branch. Miss Fanny Gorvoy assisted the hostess.

Miss Ruth Bookman, who was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bookman, Graham Gardens, has returned to Montreal.

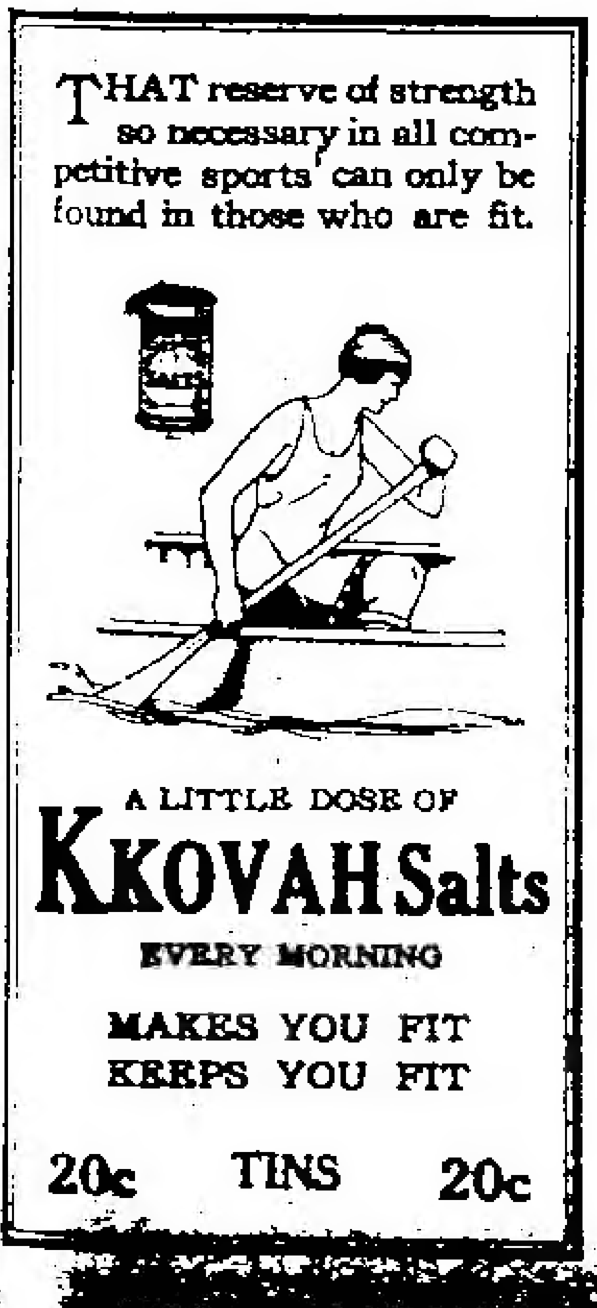
Mrs. Jerome Brooks and son, Allan, of Brooklyn, N.Y., are visiting her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ognall, of Haslett Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Riegler and family, Palmerston Avenue, are living at 80 Beverley Street.

Mrs. H. Brown and family, Northcliffe Boulevard, are summering at Crystal Beach.

Misses Lottie Katzman, Grange Avenue, and Thelma Adelman, King Street East, motored to Hamilton for the week-end and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Gershowitz (nee Freda Weinberg).

Benny Rosenberg, of Montreal, who was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Harry Kauffman, Kendal Avenue, returned home on Sunday.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Miss Rose Leff, of London, is visiting Miss Dora Wilensky, Ontario Street.

S. Cendler, of New York, who was in town to attend the Sachs-Enushevsky wedding, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Samuels and family, Cecil Street, are at their summer home in Long Branch.

Miss Roslyn Kauffman, of Rochester, N.Y., is visiting her aunts, Mrs. G. Fauman and Mrs. I. Helpert, Palmerston Boulevard.

A farewell party was held in honour of Miss Sadie Rycus, before her departure to make her home in Detroit, at the home of Miss Bess Kadden, Brunswick Avenue, on Saturday evening. Lucky number dance was won by Miss Anne Sharpe and Al Cohen. A French ivory lamp was presented to Miss Rycus from the Rose Caplan Girls. Misses Mae Wahl, Bea Silverman and Fay Shainkman assisted the hostess.

Miss Cecille Berenson, Constance Street, spent last week-end as the guest of Miss Mina Sax, of Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Weingart and Miss Beatrice Weingart, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Enushevsky, Beverley Street, have returned to Cleveland, accompanied by Miss Evelyn Kauffman, of New York, for a few weeks.

Miss Ida Greenspan, of New York, is visiting Mrs. J. H. Davis, 75 High Park Boulevard.

Mrs. M. Shapiro, Beatrice Street, left Sunday for a trip to the Catskill Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosing, of Buffalo, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. Sapera, Humewood Court, for a few days.

Miss Lillie Schonfeld, Annette Street, has returned home from several weeks' stay in Youngstown, Ohio.

Mrs. W. Lewis, Dundas Street West, is staying for a few weeks at Jackson's Point.

Fred Smith, of Montreal, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. Davis, Sumach Street, returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Gerstein and son, Lauder Avenue, have left to stay for a month in Boston.

Miss Eva Bloom, Crawford Street, spent last week at Jackson's Point.

Mrs. Lena Marcus, of Boston, was in town to attend the Sachs-Enushevsky wedding last week.

Milton Gottlieb, of New York, who was visiting his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. M. Goldberg, Kippendavie Avenue, has returned home.

Miss Florence Press, of Lauder Avenue, is staying at Crystal Beach for a few weeks.

Miss Ruth Bookman Graham Gardens, gave a tea in the Georgian Room on Friday, in honour of Miss Selma Davis, a bride-elect of this month. Those present were: Mrs. H. Palter, Mrs. S. Bookman, Mrs. Isadore Levinter, Misses Dollie Levinter and Effie Moster.

Mrs. J. J. Dubey, Arlington Avenue, entertained at three tables of bridge on Saturday evening last.

Miss Rhea Curtiss, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the guest of Mrs. Charles Pritzker, Munro Park Avenue.

Mrs. R. Greenberg, Markham Street, entertained at bridge in honour of Miss Dora Rosenbloom, Mrs. M. Goldberg, Mrs. L. Isenberg and Miss Rose Fox, all of New York. Prizes were won by Mrs. M. Schleifer, Mrs. A. Rotstein, and gentlemen's prize, R. Freeman.

Mrs. I. L. Himelstein and daughter, Pinewood Avenue, are spending the summer at Jackson's Point.

Miss Alice Strasberg, of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Davis, of Kitchener, Ont., formerly Miss G. Goldstein, of Montreal. They motored to Niagara Falls and Crystal Beach over the week-end. Miss Strasberg is stopping for a few days in Toronto.

Mrs. L. Isenberg and Mrs. M. Goldberg, of New York (nee Misses Florence and Freda Rudnick, of Toronto), were the guests of Mrs. R. Greenberg, Markham Street, for a few days.

Naomi and Harold Hansher, of Wells Hill Avenue, are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. M. Hansher, at Donlands, Que.

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Miss Jean Kurtz, Gerrard Street, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. E. S. Gordon, of Bellevue, Que., for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Tennenbaum and family, Brunswick Avenue, motored to Buffalo and Crystal Beach, over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Anshen, of Buffalo, who visited their sister, Mrs. S. I. Steinberg, of Northcliffe Boulevard, have returned home, accompanied by Ralph and Elizabeth Steinberg, of Northcliffe Boulevard.

Mrs. L. Cadesky and daughter, Parkside Drive, and Mrs. Ben Geldzaeler and daughter, Triller Avenue, are summering at Aldvanon Villa.

Mrs. A. Lavine, Beverley Street, is summering at Crystal Beach.

Mrs. B. Albert and baby son, Benji, of Montreal, Que., are spending the summer in Long Branch Park, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hadler.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Glass, of New York, are with their sister and brother, Mr. and Mrs. M. Goldberg, Kippendavie Avenue.

Mrs. A. Pritzker, MacLean Avenue, was at home on Sunday evening, in honour of her mother, Mrs. M. Goldsmith, who is visiting her, from Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Rhea Curtiss, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. M. J. Weiss and baby, Ashburnham Road, have left to be for a month at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mrs. D. Feinberg, Queen Street West, is spending the summer in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bochner and son, of Bernard Avenue, have left for London, Ontario.

Louis Scher, of Buffalo, and Nathaniel Scher, of Montreal, who were visiting their sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. S. I. Steinberg, Northcliffe Boulevard, are away on a motor trip to Montreal, accompanied by Selma Steinberg, of Northcliffe Boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Abramson, son and daughter, of Woodcliffe, N.J., are visiting their niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. George Epstein, Atlas Avenue.

Mrs. Harry Kauffman, Kendal Avenue, and Mrs. Philip Kauffman, Nina Avenue, gave a dance on Thursday evening at the home of the latter, in honour of their niece, Miss Roslyn Kauffman, of Rochester, N.Y. Among the guests were: Misses Esther Dinaberg, Miriam Simonsky, Helen Lubelsky, Cecille Berenson, Adele Greenberg, Naomi Granatstein, Ethyle Rosenthal, Olive Samuels, Myra Moyer, of Detroit; Sophie Cohen, Helen Lavine, Jacqueline Jacobs and Benny Rosenberg, of Montreal; Murray Samuels, Sam Keyfetz, Bernie Lavine, James E. Kaplan, Murray and George Cooper, Monty Beder, Sam Granatstein, Herman Bennett, Harry Singer, Sam Greisman, Ben Solway, Joe Rosenfeld and Saul Allen.

Albert Oberndorffer, Palmerston Gardens, is spending three weeks at Cedar Point, Lake Simcoe.

Miss Rose Levy, superintendent of the Jewish Children's Home, has left for a two months' trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Geldzaeler and daughter, Frances, of Walmer Road, are vacationing for a month at Jackson's Point.

Mr. and Mrs. A. White, Palmerston Boulevard, motored to Crystal Beach and Buffalo, over the week-end.

Abe and Louis Fox, Brunswick Avenue, spent the week-end in Buffalo.

Mrs. B. Weiss and daughter, Ruth, Huron Street, have left for Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mrs. A. Press, Lauder Avenue, were week-end visitors in Buffalo and at Crystal Beach.

Mrs. M. Knieger and daughter, Leona, of New York, are the guests of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. Singer, Northcliffe Boulevard.

Daniel J. Lewis, of Detroit, was the guest of H. Myron Marshack and family, Grenadier Road, over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Cohen and daughter, Susann, have moved into their new home at 52 Cheritan Avenue, Lawrence Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hermant, Cluny Drive, motored to Bobcaygeon over the week-end.

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who, before her marriage, was Miss Jennie Freda Enushevsky, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Enushevsky, of Beverley Street. She will make her home in Ottawa.

ENGAGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. M. Lipson, Markham Street, announce the engagement of their only daughter, Bertha, to Joe [illegible]ran, of Manchester, England.

MARRIAGES

Sachs—Enushevsky

The wedding of Jennie Frieda, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Enushevsky, Beverley Street, and Max Joel Sachs, of Ottawa, was performed by Rabbi Gordon amid a bower of ferns and plants. Cantor Barkin assisted. The rooms were decorated with palms, ferns, smilax and summer blooms of various kinds. To the strains of the Lohengrin wedding march, played by an orchestra stationed in the alcove of the music room, the bride was brought in and given away by her father. She wore an imported gown of white charmeuse studded with crystal beads, the skirt of which was scalloped and the side caught up in a panel of charmeuse and held together by a cluster of orange blossoms. Her veil of French tulle, which was embroidered with seed pearls, was caught up high at the back and circled with orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley tied with tulle streamers. Mrs. S. M. Kaufman, of New York, sister of the bride, as matron of honour, was in orange salome velvet trimmed with silver lace and flowers. Silver shoes and stockings completed the costume, and she carried a large sheaf of American Beauty roses and baby's breath. The bridesmaids, who wore frocks in pastel shades, were Miss Bessie Enushevsky, sister of the bride, in mauve and pansy purple-shaded georgette with rhinestone points falling over a rippled skirt and silver shoes and stockings; Miss Mollie Sachs, of Ottawa, sister of the groom, in coral and pink-shaded georgette trimmed with flowers; Miss Evelyn Kaufman, of New York, niece of the bride, in maize crepe romaine, trimmed with crystal beads and flowers; and Miss Jennie Osler, in fuchsia georgette, embroidered, over a flared underskirt. All wore tulle bandeaux and carried shower bouquets of Richmond roses and baby's breath. Miss Amelia Brownstein, of Montreal, niece of the groom, was flower girl in flesh-coloured chiffon over satin. She wore a wreath of flowers in her hair and carried a basket of sweet peas, roses and baby's breath. The groom was supported by his brother, Tom Sachs, as best man. Imie and Maurice Enushevsky and Peter Osler were ushers. The groom's gifts to the matron of honour, bridesmaids and flower girl were souvenirs. The best man and groomsmen received silver cigaret cases. Dinner served to the immediate family and a reception and dance followed. Mrs. B. Enushevsky, mother of the bride, received in a gown of black georgette studded all over with rhinestones and steel beads. Her corsage bouquet was of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley and her ornaments were of diamonds. Mrs. T. Sachs, mother of the groom, wore black canton satin trimmed with lace and a corsage bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. Mr. and Mrs. Sachs left on a honeymoon trip to Banff and the Pacific coast. Going away, Mrs. Sachs wore a two-piece sport costume of grey crepe de chine trimmed with Alice blue, with a blue felt hat to match and a black satin coat edged with fox fur. On their return they will live in Ottawa. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. Pullan, Mr. and Mrs. Ph. Pritzker, Mr. and Mrs. A. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. N. Brenner, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Helpert, Mr. and Mrs. Jay J. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Frankel, Mr. and Mrs. Jule Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Smith, Mr. and Mrs. D. Lavine, Mr. and Mrs. Ascher Pritzker, Mr. and Mrs. M. Pullan, Dr. and Mrs. S. M. Kaufman (New York), Mr. and Mrs. S. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Pritzker, Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Pollock, Mr. and Mrs. Brownstein (Montreal), Mr. and Mrs. Geldzaeler, Herb Allen, A. Rosenfeld, Mrs. L. Marcus (Boston), Mr. and Mrs. Milne, Mr. and Mrs. D. Pullan, Mr. and Mrs. M. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Samuels, Mr. and Mrs. A. Caplan (Ottawa), Mrs. M. Berk, Mr. and Mrs. Weingart, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Abramson, Mrs. Eisenbud, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Rafelman, Mr. and Mrs. B. Pritz, New York; Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Nusbaum, Rochester; Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Speyer, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Markus, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Brenner, Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cadesky, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Prager, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wechsler, Mr. and Mrs. O. Maldaver, Mrs. S. Shallit, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Weinert, Jack Robitaille, Mr. and Mrs. Wladowsky, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rotenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pullan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rashkofsky, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wecksler, Mr. and Mrs. S. Singer, Mr. and Mrs. Manacevith, Mr. and Mrs. Neveran, Mrs. G. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. E. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hart, Mrs. R. Goodman, Mrs. Ginsberg, Mr. and Mrs. B. Cohen, Dr. and Mrs. Turofsky, Mrs. M. Jung, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Levi, Mrs. A. Mack, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Enushevsky, Guelph; Lou Rosenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. H. Sable; Misses Meta Rotenberg, Frances Schaffer, Anna Smith, Rita Samuels, Eva Rittenberg, Jennie Pullan, Jennie Pritzker, Essie Goodman, Flo Sapera, Jennie Draimin, Evelyn Kaufman, New York; Jennie Osler, Jennie Cohen, Rose Osler, Beatrice Weingart, Cleveland; Rose Cohen, Esther Ginsberg, Olive Pullan, Ottawa; Fanny and Sara Ginsberg, Galt; Molly Sachs, Ottawa; Eleanor Zoob, New York; Bessie Enushevsky; and Harry Sapera, Lou Samuels, Manny Pullan, Maurice Pullan, Dr. B. Schaffer, Harry Rosenthal, Harold Levi, Jos. Rosenfeld, A. Cohen, A. Samuels, J. Samuels, S. J. Birnbaum, S. Tendler, New York; Archie Draimin, Dr. I. R. Smith, Peter Osler, Chas. Osler, Bill Prager, Theodore Zoob, New York; H. Prager, Tom Sachs, Ottawa; Imie Enushevsky, Maurice Enushevsky.

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HERZL ZION

Sunday, July 12, outing was cancelled. Arrangements have been completed for the garden fete to be held Wednesday evening, July 22, at the Club. Entertainment, movies, dancing.

BNAI BRITH BOYS' CAMP

On July 5 the Toronto Jewish community opened its annual Fresh Air camp with over one hundred boys from eight to sixteen years of age. All the food is prepared under the advice of the Toronto Board of Health and drinking water is tested and chlorinated. Swimming and life-saving instruction is given. Lectures on educational subjects are delivered. Camp is at Stop 35, Lake Shore Highway, just west of the Long Branch rifle ranges. The camp is supported by the Jewish Federation of Philanthropies and run by a committee from the Bnai Brith. On this committee are representatives of the Big Brother Movement, the Boys' Club and the Jewish Federation. They are as follows: chairman, Mort. L. Levy; treasurer, Harold Levi; executive secretary, and camp supervisor, Morris Williams; committee, Saul Kaufman, Joseph

Woolfe, Abe Cohen, Joe Harris, Ralph Raphael and M. M. Cohen.

HERZL GIRLS

The Herzl Girls' Chapter of Hadassah held their annual picnic to Port Dalhousie and St. Catharines on Sunday, July 5.

ANGLO-JEWISH ASSOCIATION

Edmund Scheuer, president of the Toronto Branch of the Anglo-Jewish Association, acknowledges receipt of subscriptions: B. Weiss, $10; H. Mendelsohn, I. Creed, J. Perkins, I. Berg, Charles Garfunkel, $5 each; Louis Levinsky, $3; Sidney Greisman, Abe Rosenthal, Joe Schwartz, Jacob Schwartz, Benj. Raz, Julius Eisman, Mrs. Julius Eisman, Harry Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Kahn, Rabbi Brickner, A. I. Cohen, Merwin Marks, $2.50 each; Isadore S. Scheuer, M. Sniderman, $2 each; A. Brookstone, David Vise, Sidney Kahn, $1.25 each.

A Common Story

Continued from page 14

It was nothing—nothing—he knew it. They rejoined hands and walked on in happy forgetfulness.

Henceforth they met every day at seven, and their hearts drew them forestward every night. Then Elieser began to call upon her parents, first under some transparent pretext—an odd job for Voegele and again, to see that the job was finished. Voegele decorously disowned all knowledge of him and primly bade him be seated.

In good time Elieser dropped all pretense; he frankly made himself at home with her parents and called at all hours, comfortably aware that no insincerities were needed.

Voegele's parents knew him by this time for a decent youth and good workman, capable of earning a competent living. They knew perfectly well on what errand he was bent, but wisely affected ignorance; let the children have their chance to get acquainted!

Night—narrow dwelling—with a chase of shadows on the wall. A new table, a modishly bright lamp thereon. Voegele sewing at the table, with Elieser near her reading Schoner's "Schund." A curtain screened off half of the room, and behind the curtain slept Voegele's father and mother, both stupefied with overwork. Presently he broke into laughter, and taking her around the waist, pronounced her name affectionately: "Voegele!"

"What wouldst thou, sillikins?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing."

And Voegele went on with the sewing, thinking: I hold thee in my palm, little bird, secure enough—only don't think you can pick me from the pavement, bare-backed—there are still eighty roubles lacking of the three hundred needed for a dowry—and she proudly shows him her wedding gear, chemises and bedding, all nearly finished and stowed away in chests and drawers.

As they drew nearer to each other, they became known in time as a pair of lovers, and every one of their kin expected to be bidden ere long to the celebration of their bethrotal.

Voegele's mother was in a noiseless flutter of delight. What a piece of good fortune for her daughter to have won the affections of such a "golden" young man!

Jainkef, the girl's father, is getting on in years an outworn village packman, all day long on his weary feet, huckstering old clothes. Thank God, a piece of luck comes his way at last—such a "golden" young man for his daughter!

All are rejoiced, and Voegele most of all. Her face was all roses and lilies, and a new lustre sparkled and flashed in her black eyes. Behold her, sitting all day long at her machine, the "stub" resounding with her cheery voice, the wheels of the sewing machine are whirring—Voegele keeps on singing; nightfall brings her Elieser.

"How goes it, lass?"

"All's well that ends well—let me show you something."

"A rarity?"

She rises from her seat and goes to her chest of drawers, rummaging among her treasures, hiding a find behind her shawl.

He laughed: "What are you hiding there?"

"Not so fast, my lad!" She snuggled comfortably into a seat right near him and disclosed her treasure, an embroidery on canvas, "Adam and Eve."

"See—a girl friend gave me this—for me—for us—to be hung on the wall of our bedchamber. Only wait, Elieser—I'll put a room to rights for thee—for us—a beauty of a room—everything resplendent with neatness—"

"And there we'll sit," he said, "every evening after work, close to each other, like this"—his arm encircled her waist.

"And you will tell me everything, everything!" She laid one of her little hands upon his shoulder and stroked his face with the other, looking into his eyes. And both felt that this world is a good place to live in. Everything in the room seemed to be in partnership with their happiness—the walls, the little table—they seemed to wink at her like old friends, to whisper words of kindly cheer * * and both seemed to give an attentive ear to these old friends in their momentary silence.

"There now—look at this." She took her bank book out of a drawer. "Two hundred and forty roubles, and there will presently be three hundred. I won't have thee say, "I took her in her clothes, as she stood!"

"Go to, Voegele; I am sore!"

"What for? Because I am telling thee the truth, straight to thy face?" She looked into his eyes, smiling. He turned away, as if in anger. "Why, sillikins, I was only jesting—canst take a joke?"

They talked until a wrinkled face appeared from behind the curtain, bidding them to be done—time to go to sleep. They kissed and parted.

* * *

Reb Jainkef, Voegele's father, fell ill.

It was at the time of year when winter and fall begin their wrestling bout. A first snowfall—then another—then a spell of sunny weather—melting snow and mud and endless rain.

In the midst of this unwholesome season the old man fell ill. His feet, his weary feet, gave way, and he took to his bed.

His earnings gone, there was no money in the house for either food or fuel—no bread, no coal—and Voegele had to lend from her little hoard.

* * *

The bed-ridden old man groaned and coughed until a hectic redness flushed his withered face, until the blue veins stood out like cords from his temples.

They sent for the feldsher, who prescribed a medicine. Mother wanted to pawn her bedding, but Voegele would not let her. She turned over her entire wages, and to raise more money pawned her jacket, so as not to touch her dowry, God forbid; Elieser came every evening. They sat at the old familiar table, under the glare of the old familiar "blitz-lamp."

"What saddens thee—why art thou so glum, Voegele?"

"How can I be otherwise, with a father stricken with illness?"

"God helping, Voegele, he'll get on his legs again."

"Four weeks gone and not another penny put into the postal savings bank."

"What need hast thou of money?"

"What need have I of money?" She looked at him aghast, and retorted with a tremour in her voice: "Wouldst take me barebacked?"

"Barebacked? Thou are a greater prize to me than all the money in the world. Yea, dearer than life itself. What need I of money? Dost see these ten fingers? They can earn all the money that's needed. There are in my name 200 roubles in the postal, all saved from the earnings of my labour. What need is there of more?"

She paused a while, with downcast eyes. At last she said, quietly: "And your mother?"

"Art thou going to marry my mother or me? What business has thou with my mother?"

She kept silent.

"Once more I tell them: I'll take thee as thou standest—and thou wilt take me the same way—for better, for worse. Wilt thou?"

But she hid her eyes in the corner of her shawl and wept in wordless silence. The "stub" was still, the lamp burnt brightly, their shadows mingled on the wall. Behind the curtain the old folks were breathing heavily in their sleep.

Her head sank on his shoulder, and her heavy tresses of dark hair obscured his sight. She wept quietly.

The North Carolina Association of Jewish Women will hold their annual meeting at Asheville, North Carolina, June 21 to 23. Mrs. Rebecca M. Seligman, of the Board of Directors of the New York Section of the National Council of Jewish Women, will be the principal speaker.

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"London"

By "SHALOM ALEICHEM"

(Translated by Hannah Berman)

As long as I am alive I was never at such a fair as London; not that there is a fair in London, but London itself is a fair. It hammers and rings and whistles and clatters. And the people! The people are like poppy seeds, like ants! Where did all the people come from and where are they all running to? It seems they are all hungry or they are on the point of going away. If not, why do they push and shove each other and trample him with their feet? I am talking of Pinna. Our friend Pinna, if you remember, is short-sighted. Along with this, he walks with his head erect and shuffles his feet, like a lost angel. His thoughts fly away with him. The first "how-d'ye-do" he had on the train. The very moment we got out of the carriage a misfortune happened to us. Pinna was the first to run out, one sock was down, his neckerchief on one side, as always. I never saw Pinna so excited. He was as heated as if he were suffering from smallpox. He began to pour out a flood of curious words, as his habit is: "London! England! Disraeli! Buckle! History of Civilization! . . ." It was impossible to stop him. It did not take two minutes for Pinna to be on the ground and people walking over him, as if he were a log of wood. It was well his wife, Taubel, raised the alarm, "Pinna, where are you?" My brother Elijah rushed out and pulled him out, all creased and ragged, like an old coat. That was number one. The second downfall he had was the same day in town and in the Jewish quarter that is called by the curious name of "Whitechapel," where they sell fish and meat, prayer books, apples, "Tzitzis," "Kvass" tarts, sweet cakes, slices of herring, "Talisim," lemons, bread, eggs, glasses, pots, boots, "Lockshen," brushes, whistles, ropes and pepper—exactly as in our place, not a hair different. Even the dirt is also like ours. And the smell is also like our smell and perhaps worse. We were delighted when we saw Whitechapel. Pinna was even too glad. "Bervitchev!" he shouted aloud. "Goodness, Jewish children, we are not in London; we are in Bervitchev!" Oh! what a "Bervitchev" he got! I thought we would have to bring him off to the hospital. From that time Taubel did not let him go a step in London by himself. I looked at Whitechapel and I thought to myself: "Father of the universe, if London is like this what must America be like?"

But if you talk to Brocha she says that London ought to have burnt down even before we came. The very minute we arrived in London Brocha disliked the city terribly. "Is it a city?" she asked. "It is not a city; it is a hell. It ought to have been burnt down even a year ago," said Brocha. And my brother Elijah tried to defend the city and to show up its good side, but it was as much use as cuffing a corpse. Brocha did not cease from throwing sulphur and brimstone on the city and wishing that it might burn down. She wished it no other punishment but to burn down. Pinna's wife, Taubel, agreed with her. My mother said: "Maybe the Lord will have pity on us and London will be our last place of suffering." But we three, my brother Elijah and his friend Pinna and I, we defended London. We were delighted with the crowd that was rushing and the excitement that boiled.

What do we care? If it boils, let it boil. What we did not like was going about without work. We were looking for a committee and could not find one. Whoever we asked either did not know or would not answer us. They had no time. Everyone is busy and runs. But we must have a committee. We cannot do without it. Not because of anything else but simply because we had not the wherewithal to carry us to America. My brother Elijah's pocket was empty. The money we had put away to pay for the rent of our half-room had gone like smoke. Pinna laughed at Elijah: "What will you do with the pocket?" Elijah is angry. He hates anyone to make jokes. He is the exact opposite of his friend Pinna. He has a weeping soul. Pinna calls him "the harassed householder." I love Pinna only for this, because he is always jolly. Since we came to London he is twice as jolly. He says that over there, in Cracow, Lemberg, Brosk, Antwerp and Vienna, one must talk German, but here in London it is a pleasure. One may talk Yiddish like at home, that is, half Yiddish, half Russian.

"Their language is even worse than German," says Brocha. "And three Englishmen may be sacrificed for one German." Where was it heard in the world that a street should be called Whitechapel and money should be called "'apenny," "tupenny," "thrupenny?" There's another word that has to do with money. It is "fife." In connection with this "fife" there is a whole story that happened to us. If you like, I can tell it to you.

* * *

You know that already we are looking for a committee in London, and to find a committee in London is just like finding a needle in a load of straw. But after all, there is a God in the world. One day we were just walking through Whitechapel. It was toward evening, that is to say, not toward evening, but in the daytime. In London there is no daytime and no morning. We came upon a Jew in a short jacket and a round hat and searching eyes.

"I could almost swear that you are Jews."

So said to us the Jew in the short jacket and Pinna replied:

"To be sure! And what sort of Jews—from Jewsland?"

"Do you want to do a good deed?"

So said the Jew and Pinna replied: "For instance, for example?"

"I have 'yahrzeit' and cannot leave my home. I am short of a few men to make up my 'minyan.' Is the youth 'bar-mitzvah' yet or not?"

He meant me. And I was very glad that he called me a youth and imagined I was already "bar-mitzvah."

We followed him, stumbling in the dark up the stairs and we came into a room crowded with pale, worn-out little boys and filled with a heavy odour of fried fish. There was no sign of a "minyan" there yet. Seven were still short. The Jew bade us to be seated and he rushed out into the street to catch another few Jews. He had to rush out several times before he got together the "Minyan." Meanwhile I made friends with some of the wornout little boys and had a look at the fire. There I saw fish "frying." At home we call it "stewing." Here one must say "fried." I don't know why. Perhaps because it is a free country one calls it "frying" fish. Or maybe it is because the fish are glad when they are being fried. All the same, fried fish is not so bad as my sister-in-law Brocha would have us believe. If they gave me a bit of fried fish I would eat it with pleasure. I don't think Brocha would refuse it either. All that day we had none of us eaten anything. For many days we had been living on a bit of herring and a Spanish radish. In Whitechapel you can get good black radishes. The Jew would have been wise if he had asked us to sit down and have something to eat. It seems that he does not understand in the least that we want to eat. How do I know that? Because, as soon as we had finished the evening prayer and he had recited the "Kadish," he thanked us for our kindness and told us we might go. But my brother, Elijah, wanted the Jew to do him a favour. He began to talk to him about the committee, looked at the fish while he was talking and swallowed hard. The Jew held the door handle with one hand and with the other hand he told us

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stories of the committee that were far from joyful. First of all, said the Jew, there is no such thing as a committee. That is to say, there is a committee, several committees, but the London committee does not give money so readily. If you want to be helped by the London committee you must first of all have a good run. You must bring them papers and witnesses to prove that you are an emigrant and are going to America, because there are many emigrants who only say they are going to America. Afterwards when you have satisfied the committee that you are going to America, they will give only sufficient money for the return journey, that is, to take you back home again, because the London committee does not believe in America.

When my brother, Elijah, heard these words, he at once flew into a temper. (You know he is very quick-tempered.) And Pinna, who is also excitable, began to argue in his way:

"How is that possible? What right have they to tell us to go back home? How are they not ashamed of themselves in a land of civilization?"

The Jew of the "minyan" interrupted him. Holding open the door, he said to him:

"Talk there, talk there! Here I have given you the address of a committee. Go over to the committee yourself and you will see that it is all right."

* * *

When we left the "Yahrzeit" we were followed by the odour of fried fish. We all thought of it, but no one said a word about it excepting Brocha, who poured out a volume of curses on the owners of the fish. She wished that they might be choked in eating it. My mother could not bear this.

"What have you against them? They are honest people, poor things! They live in such a hell. Nevertheless when it comes to a 'yahrzeit' they look for a 'minyan.' "

To this Brocha made answer:

"Mother-in-law, may they also burn with their 'yahrzeits' and their fried fish. They stop strange people, call them into their own house. Well, give the child a bit of fried fish if only out of politeness."

She meant me. Just now I was a "bar-mitzvah" youth to the strange Jew and now I am a child to Brocha. Good times when Brocha takes up the cudgels on my behalf, thought I. The whole six of us went off to the committee. The Jew had advised us not to walk to the committee, but to take the train and go there straight. But the London train has a certain habit. It hates to stop. No matter how much you wave to it, it does what it wants, goes on its way. To run after it will do no good, either. You will not catch it. It was our good fortune that an Englishman with a clean-shaven face took pity on us. (If you see a man whose moustache is shaved off, you will know he is an Englishman.) When this Englishman saw that we were waving our hands to the trains and the trains were running away from us, he took us over to a church and showed us with his hands that we were to stand there. And so it was. It did not take a minute before a train came up and stopped. We all got in, my brother, Elijah, and I and our friend Pinna, and my mother, Brocha and Taubel, and we were off. The conductor came round with tickets. Pinna asked him in Russian and Yiddish: "How much?" Said the conductor to him: "Fife." Pinna again asked him how much and the conductor again said, now in anger, "Fife." Pinna turned to us and said: "Do you hear? He tells me to whistle." My brother, Elijah, asked the conductor, with his hands: "How much is the drive?" Said the conductor to him, now thoroughly enraged: "Fife!" Pinna burst out laughing and Elijah retorted on the conductor: "Whistle yourself." The conductor was like a murderer. He pulled the string, the train stopped and he threw us out with such violence as if we were about to murder him and take his bag of money. In the end it turned out that the conductor had only meant by "fife" five.

"Well, ought not London to burn to the ground?" asked Brocha, and we went off to the committee on foot.

The London committee is as gay as all other committees. In the yard emigrants were rolling about like dirt. Inside men were smoking cigars, saying to one another: "All right." The difference lay in this, that the German committee had their moustaches turned upwards and spoke German and the London committee have shaved off their beards and moustaches and all, and say: "All right." It is a regular pantomime. The men are all clean-shaven and the women wear wigs on their heads and not only the women but the girls also wear wigs and curled fringes. They all have big teeth and are so ugly that one's gall rises at them. Nevertheless they laughed at us, into our faces, pointed at us with their fingers and giggled so that it was a perfect shame. Two girls stopped us in the middle of the street and begged of my brother, Elijah, to go to a barber shop. At first we did not understand what this meant. Now we know. To go to the barber shop means to have a hair cut and a shave. Curious creatures. They themselves are powdered to their very necks, eat fried fish in the middle of the street—fish that we can hear a mile off—and hate hair. They are drunkards, too, all right. But they do not roll about in the streets like our drunkards. They are not allowed to.

"It is a very good land," said Brocha, "but why will it not burn?"

"What good will it do you if it burns?"

That was what my brother, Elijah, asked her and got from her a fine retort. When Brocha wants to she can. It sometimes happens that she is silent and will not speak a word to anyone, and sometimes there opens up within her a fountain of words. Then one had better either stuff one's ears with cotton wool or run out into the world. I will repeat for you, word for word, what she said:

"Why are you so anxious to defend the blessed London with its black sky and the shaven chins, and the beautiful Whitechapel, and the fried fish, and the old maids, and the curled hair, and the trimmed dresses, and the beggars that drink ginger-beer, and the conductors that tell one to whistle, and the Jews that have 'yahrzeit' and will not spare one a drink of water? Such a town must burn."

So says Brocha in one breath and in the language of the sons of Haman. She finished up by saying, as she wrung her hands:

"London, why do you not burn?"

Dear Father of the universe, when will we be in America?

ANOTHER TEMPLE OF CULTURE

Continued from page 1

picture men would unite to finance this enterprise in the same way, as for instance the physicians in America have organized to finance the medical research institute in Jerusalem, the whole matter could be done in a trice.

It is true the moving-picture men don't generally consider such a cultural theatre as a lucrative enterprise, but where have they a public alike to our chalutzim? The profits of this institution would consist in more precious returns than money, as the whole Palestinian project is to be measured in values different from the current coins. A rare opportunity for the Jewish moving-picture men to act as idealists, to erect a monument for themselves in the history of their people is opened to them. They would not be Jews if, thinking about it, they would not feel the way as the Jewish liquor manufacturer from Poland who, when settling in Palestine, pledged himself not to manufacture there anything but alcohol-free beverages. "Erez Israel is too good for liquor," was his conviction.

The Bnai Brith Lodge in Vienna has been the first to be drawn by the prospect of founding in Palestine such an institution as the Urania. The papers report that a few weeks ago they purchased a plot on Mount Carmel to build there the centre of a cultural film institute for Palestine. If their idea is given the proper support, then on the first of next April another hill in Eretz Israel will be crowned by a glorious cultural enterprise and colonists will be enriched by another source of inspiration.

Last call!

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THIS contest closes July 20th. All answers, to be considered, must bear postmark not later than midnight of that date! Many thousand answers have been received—and more are coming in every mail. One of them will be awarded the

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Read the regulations below—they are simple and fair to everyone. Then write your answer and mail it at once. You have an equal chance with all others to win a cash prize. Anyone—young or old—may enter the contest.

What is Coca-Cola?

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Read the regulations of this contest and send in your answer to:

Contest Department
The Coca-Cola Company
of Canada, Limited
90 Broadview Ave. Toronto, Ont.

Regulations for this Contest

1. The contest is open to everybody within the Dominion, except employees of The Coca-Cola Company. No answers from countries outside the Dominion will be considered. All answers will be acknowledged.

2. The contest closes July 20th, 1925. All answers, to be considered, must be in the mails before midnight of that date. Names of the winners will be published, and prize checks mailed, as soon after that as possible.

3. Answers may be of any length up to 300 words—the shorter and simpler the better.

4. Write plainly—on one side of the paper only. Number each page and pin them all together. Put your name and address plainly at the top of the first page.

5. State name of newspaper in which you saw this advertisement.

6. No answers will be returned. All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Ltd., with the writers' permission to publish all or any part of same.

7. The following gentlemen have consented to act as judges in this contest: His Worship Thomas Foster, Mayor of Toronto; and Messrs. E. L. Ruddy, President, E. L. Ruddy, Ltd.; William Wallace, Toronto "Star"; R. K. Stocks, Adv. Mgr., Toronto "Globe"; Mark I. Hodgeman, Adv. Mgr., "Saturday Night"; C. M. Pearson, of J. B. Rathbone, representing Vancouver "Sun" and Halifax "Herald"; and William M. Brownlee, Managing Director, The Coca-Cola Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Enjoy it at the ball game

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